

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

It took six months to extort from Assessment Commissioner Fleming a report on the Victoria Square project, and its appearance was suggestive of many reasons for the delay. Mr. Fleming is always candid and sweet on the surface, and the more candid and the sweeter he is the more reasons we have for suspecting the his self-interest is sprouting below. When one speaks of this self-interest of so exalted an official, reference is not necessarily made to money or to additional honors, or anything of that sort. Brother Fleming has yet to weave many colors into the rainbow of his ambition, and we are not quite sure when his self-interest ceases and good hard work for the city of Toronto is being provided for the salary which is paid. It is this phase of his character which has made a great many people wonder whether he would make a good assessment commissioner, and his report on the City Hall square rather suggests that he is not making, and never will make, a good assessment commissioner.

The departmental stores oppose the proposition to root out the rotten old buildings bounded by Bay, Queen and Richmond streets, and what would be the extension of James street. If this is not done there is no point of view from which the City Hall can be properly seen. It will be an edifice in a group of squalid buildings in a squalid neighborhood, and that sort of thing is likely to remain, for there is really no great business created by the presence of the city and county buildings. The dearest places in Toronto are the localities where the old buildings are situated. That business can be made in the new neighborhood is dependent entirely upon the natural movement of trade in that direction, and that is the trend of business which cannot be prevented. The new centralization of the whole city of Toronto was not caused by the city and county buildings, but by a natural aggregation of much enterprise in the locality and the location of population, the arrangement of transportation facilities, and the general seizure of opportunities which growing cities provide for investment and speculation. The city and county buildings did not move the center; the center moved in spite of them.

Nothing is more indicative of the trend of business than the fact that the two principal departmental stores located themselves at the corner of Queen and Yonge streets. Nothing more conclusively proves that the congestion of these corners would be removed by Victoria Square than the attitude of these monopolists, who assume to dictate to Toronto and are preparing to do the business of the whole city in the lines they embrace, and who evidently have the sympathy of the Assessment Commissioner.

The Robert Simpson Company owns the south-western corner of Yonge and Queen streets, and this, with a new entrance on Richmond street, where their delivery wagons will be loaded, is what they want to keep. Facing on the Knox church property—which pays no taxes—they have ninety-one windows, and these ninety-one windows make it one of the best-lighted stores in America. People in the city have to pay for light as well as space, and it is not wonderful that the new proprietors of the Simpson business want their light for nothing. We are all eager to get as much as we can for nothing, but those of us who get nothing for nothing have a very good reason to enquire why the Robert Simpson Company should get a franchise which is worth fifty or a hundred thousand dollars without paying a cent for it. If the Victoria Square is established, Knox church will be removed and probably the hand-somest buildings in the city will be erected immediately in front of the western exposure of the Simpson building. This will knock out the light, but it will bring in the taxes. Of course if the city is organized on the basis of giving the departmental stores everything and crowding out the shopkeeper who has to pay for his few panes of glass in front and rear, then we may as well quit. Of course ninety-one windows, some of them of immense size, is a big light surface to be obscured by the city doing its best for the whole community and itself, and we cannot wonder at the opposition of the Robert Simpson Company, Limited. Possibly it is powerful enough to prevent Mr. Fleming giving an unbiased report, or to obscure the view of the Chief of Police, who will notice that on the streets the loading of goods is carried on which should be conducted within the walls of the store itself.

The T. Eaton Company, Limited, is also opposed to the square, and the reasons are easily found. James street, which would be made a thoroughfare if the Victoria Square project were carried out, is now the private preserve, the back yard, of this departmental store. Between thirty and forty wagons can be seen ranged along a street which is now no better than an alley way, receiving and discharging goods for the great sweat-box of the town. Five elevators receive and discharge goods on James street. These elevators open right on the street; the wagons stand there and receive the goods from trucks. James street is a part of the Eaton establishment; nobody, unless forced to do so, attempts to drive through an alley way which has been taken possession of by a man who prays loudly and pays poorly. If the City Hall square be established, those wagons must move. The corner of James and Albert streets must be cut out and the wagons go under cover, or into the well of the building, as they do in express offices and places properly regulated by the authorities. More land must be purchased to transact the business of the company, and the two hundred feet of leasehold of the T. Eaton Company must appreciate in value, and the Eaton Company will have to pay the additional price and the additional assessment.

The branch of Davies' pork-packing concern which does business on Queen street, it is said, is managed by one of the directors of the R. Simpson Company, and of course it opposes Victoria Square. It is evident that the whole opposition of this city improvement comes from men who have very valuable private interests to serve. In the name of the Lord and Departmental Stores the church must stay where it is, that light may flood the flats of the Simpson building. And tell it not in the Assessment Commissioner's office and whisper it not in the Trinity or Sherbourne street Methodist church, the whole outfit are tarred with the same brush. It is an evidence of personal greed which should be sat upon by the City of Toronto. Eaton and Company have no right to the exclusive use of James street. The Simpson Company have no right to the light which shines in the ninety-one windows over consecrated ground which pays no taxes. It will cost them at least fifty thousand dollars to get half the light which they now possess if the City Hall square is carried out, for enormous buildings will occupy the land now left open by the church, and which the church is willing to sell. Furthermore, if Assessment Commissioner Fleming is to pursue his present course, those objectionable to him may as well prepare to move out of town, and those favorable to him may as well make such arrangements as circumstances seem to demand. At a time like this matters cannot be minced. We may as well know whether Mr. Fleming is taking his salary as an entire equivalent for his services, or whether he is working for piety's sake for somebody else and has a keener view to the nickels which go on to the plate than for the nickels which come into the public treasury.

It is said that the great nations have informed Spain that her honor has been vindicated. This vindication of honor is always rather an odd business—in the case of notoriously corrupt and cruel Spain it is conspicuously so. Between nations,

as between individuals, there has always existed a code which apparently makes it necessary for people to fight, and my own beliefs cling to the old school which insisted that occasional fighting was not only proper, but necessary. In pursuance of this notion boys were once taught to fight, and even peasants were compelled by a code of their own to stand up and take a licking when it was considered necessary. Looking at the thing in the abstract, one is appalled at the outcome of this fighting business which, right or wrong, is insisted upon by an almost universal code of honor. Dueling has been forbidden by the laws of nearly every country, yet it was once the prevalent method of vindicating one's honor. What, then, is this thing "honor" that we think we can vindicate, and what are these methods that we insist upon?

Spain is being told that she has vindicated her honor because her rotten ships, from which nearly everything worth having had probably been stolen by corrupt officials, have been sunk, her sailors killed, and her Asiatic squadron destroyed without the slightest effective resistance. Why should not nations call off the battle which they permitted, because the weaker of the two combatants is already demonstrated to be powerless against her adversary? As individuals we demonstrate that we have an appreciation of so-called "honor" by fighting interminable lawsuits; by being nasty to one another; by doing all the things we can to harm those we dislike. Surely there must be some easier way of arriving at an honorable settlement than by

played rectifying such wrongs privately and without regard to our neighbors' eyes, for it is those eyes and straining ears which fix the so-called "code of honor." Because somebody has made a fool of herself or himself it is an absurdity that others should proceed to make the matter worse by introducing an obsolete code which may have applied to the conditions of life a hundred years ago, but which is now entirely out of date. The nonsensical idea that people under certain circumstances must do certain things to their own ruin or death, needs revision. Nowadays people should act with sense—cold, calculating and practical performance are worth a dozen codes which have been out of place since legal reparation can be had—and revenge is out of sense in nearly every case, even if the wrong cannot be punished by law. The infidelity of people; the improprieties and impudence of nations; the calling of names and the saying of wrong things, do not need physical resistance; the world has outgrown that sort of thing. We do not need to vindicate our honor nowadays nor to establish its existence by libel suits or shot-guns; we simply require to be honorable and live our own life and do what we think is proper within the limits of the law made for everybody; and if we do not think right, the blame must rest on our education or on ourselves. A man does not need to fight to show that he is a man; a woman does not need to be everlastingly parading her virtue, or pulling the hair and scratching the face of a rival, to be known as a good woman. Those who are embroiled and fight and are continually vindicating what they think is right, are those who have the most indefinite and vague notions of

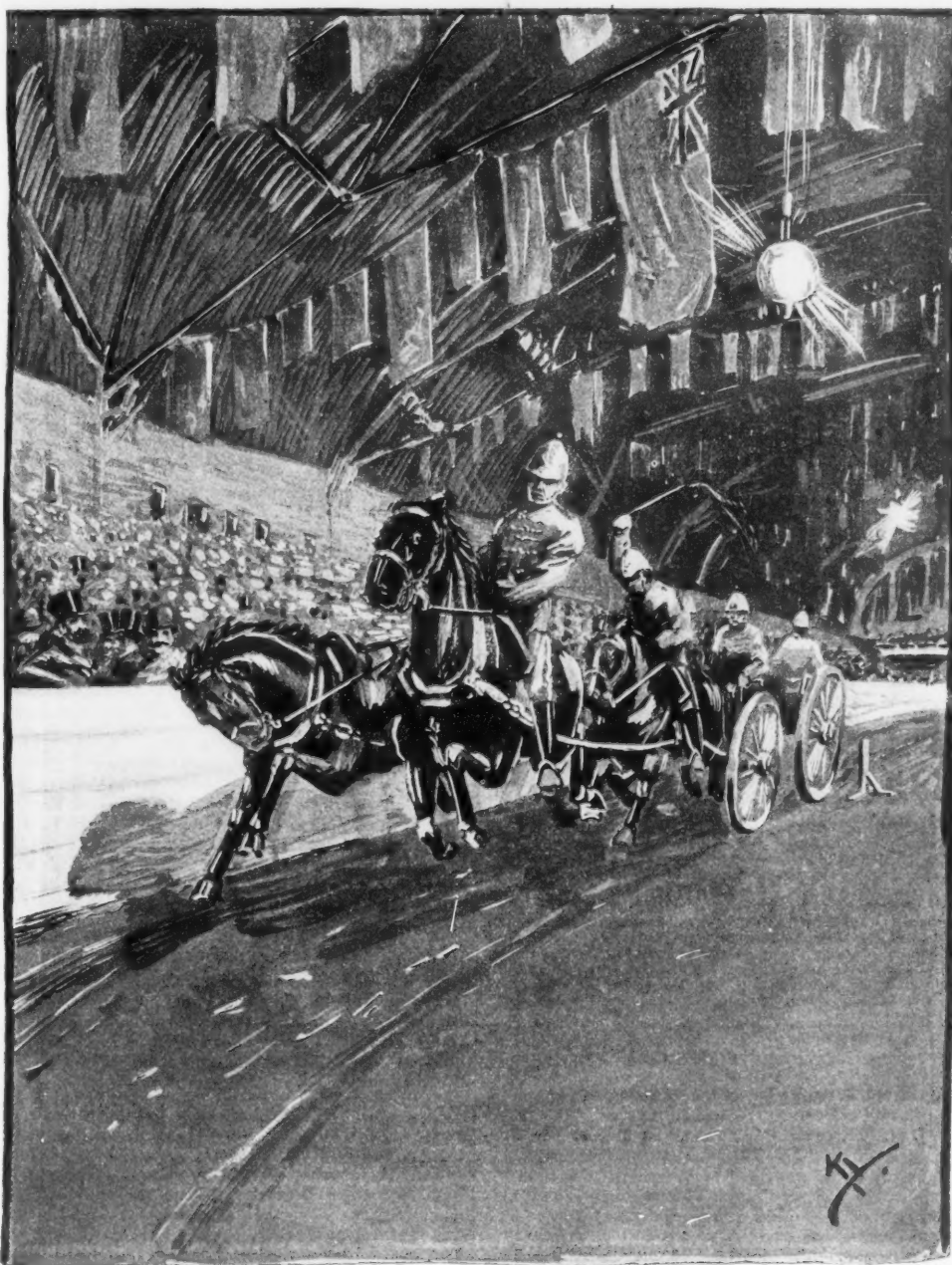
yet it is framed on the principles of the Irish agitators, who always insist on doing the wrong thing at the most conspicuous moment; and taking the thing seriously, more as an illustration than with any idea that such an appeal at such a time will be listened to for a moment, it shows what an inconvenient and impracticable position the United States has assumed as the great "intervener." If every "appeal" framed by discontented people is listened to, Uncle Sam will never have less than a hundred wars per annum on his hands. The disaffected revolutionists of every South and Central American republic; the defeated negroes in the West Indian Islands; the blood-thirsty Malays of the Philippines; the unhappy inhabitants of the Carolines; the dethroned authorities of Madagascar; the persecuted natives of Africa; Patagonians, Tierra del Fuegos, the Creolians, the Armenians, the Persians, the Egyptians, the disaffected inhabitants of French, German and Russian colonies, the riff-raff of Asia generally, and of the islands of the Pacific particularly, will all be asking the United States to "intervene," and the Macedonian cry will in chorus go up, "Come over and help us." There will be hot times in the old town if the United States carries into practice her preaching that the downtrodden of the world are her special wards. She will need more soldiers and gun-boats than all the nations of the world put together, and if every field from the Atlantic to the Pacific grew wheat at two dollars a bushel she would not have money enough to pay the expenses of taking care of her brood of discontents even if all Europe sat idly by and simply gazed upon the performance.

It may be fairly presumed that Uncle Sam, having inserted his thumb in European politics, may, on account of the heat, see fit to withdraw it, but he will never efface the hole that his thumb made. Foreign complications, particularly when invited by a nation such as the United States, are more easily assumed than discarded. Sometimes it is much easier to begin a row than to close it up with any grace or self-respect. It must also be remembered in this connection that the United States commercially has been entirely regardless—with reasonable success—of everything but her own convenience and self-interest. This attitude cannot be maintained in the larger field of the world's politics. Such affairs as the Dingley Bill made European nations shiver with more or less disgust because it was so one-sided; but though retaliation has been quietly begun in many of the European countries, no disturbance was specially noticeable, but if political complications follow in the wake of these commercial extravaganzas, Uncle Sam may find himself in a very extraordinary and unpleasant predicament. The pension list, yearly growing in magnitude ever since the old Civil War, now amounts to about \$240,000,000 a year, and this, with the debt which will follow the extraordinary expenditure of money which the present disturbance will cause, the injury to the export trade that must take place, and the diversion from their regular occupations of tens of thousands of men, will make it hard to resume business at the old stand on the old basis.

Spanish America, which has never been a good customer of the United States, will, for racial reasons and a fear of their future, be a still worse one. If the Philippines are seized and retained, Germany will be the sworn enemy of the United States. If Spain is ruined, France will hate the nation that ruined the makers of the bonds which she holds in such large quantities. The whole Roman Catholic world, conspicuously complaisant as it appears at the moment, will see in the United States the destroyer of the last so-called civilized country which has been the unquestioning custodian, if not victim, of the unrevised beliefs and practices of that historic Church. And it may be safely predicted that new politics will arise from the new order of things. It cannot be asserted that the United States may not apparently or temporarily profit by this sort of thing, but the problem is too large to warrant any man now living making a reliable prediction, inasmuch as the whole face of the political earth may be changed. From great victories often come unexpected possibilities and unappreciated responsibilities; great revolutions often spring from such sources, particularly when the victors have inflated ideas of their own prowess and are not restrained by well known national or international conventionalities.

It is being admitted by the writers who are paying most attention to the subject, that there are only three countries which can stand a conflict as great nations, Great Britain, the United States and Russia. These alone are self-sustaining. Russia has her territory compactly placed, her people ask for but little for themselves and they produce much. The United States at present has—let us speak of the aggregation as "he"—his territory beneath his hands, and with a great variety of climate and a vast area of arable land could not be starved out by any foreign war, for he is practically secure from invasion. Great Britain has a greater territory than either, a more homogeneous, contented and loyal population than either. Her coaling stations surround the world, and her navy is admittedly the greatest that the world has ever seen. But the British islands themselves are not self-contained, and excepting during harvest and shortly after, they are never more than six weeks from what would practically be starvation if food could not be brought in from abroad. This statement I see made by various authorities within the last few days, and yet when I made a statement identically similar in a New York magazine some six or seven years ago the editor placed an asterisk before it, which guided the eye of the reader to a footnote on the bottom of the page, where an editorial comment was made that "the statement must certainly have been made without exact knowledge of the facts." The facts have long been known but have been insufficiently urged upon the British Government. There is now a movement to establish national granaries in Great Britain, but even with the expenditure of an enormous amount, only three or four months' wheat could be stored in any practical way. Canada's great interest, however, in the argument, lies in the fact that her resources are being brought to Great Britain's attention.

Admitting that Great Britain is supreme at sea—and without this she can be nothing—Canada is the natural granary, and should be the national granary, of Great Britain. The contention of the Minneapolis paper which said that England is friendly to the United States in the present crisis because she relies upon the United States for her food supply, is only half true. This may be her condition at the moment, but it is a condition which can be very easily and profitably changed. Canada can grow wheat enough to feed the population of every British country which is not self-contained as to its food supply, excepting, of course, in extraordinary years when drought or locusts, or some element of that sort interferes. Our wheat fields are equal, and in some respects superior to those of the United States. Our climate favors the preservation, storage and shipment of our crop of cereals. England needs to be supreme in the north Atlantic only to ensure the delivery of Canadian wheat in British ports. In case of protracted war we could feed Great Britain from the Hudson Bay outlet alone, both with cattle and grain. But we must have the population to till the fields, and it is this population that we ask for, and it is people that Great Britain must provide us with. Her primary duty is to use every exertion to populate our lands, and in the second place it will prove an absolute necessity as long as the United States imposes a tariff on her goods, to receive our meats and bread-stuffs on more favorable terms than she receives similar articles from any other country which does not fly the British flag. This latter is a



AT THE GALLOP.

THE TORONTO HORSE SHOW AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

spending good money or spilling innocent blood to demonstrate that we are not afraid to fight. Men have met on the dueling fields without personal enmity and have killed or been killed that a phrase of speech might be preserved. It is bad enough to go to law, but it is a terrible thing to try to vindicate one's character by the spilling of blood. Is it not possible that civilization will some day arrive at the perfection of having an international court in which these cases will be tried, and though a country may feel itself aggrieved, if it loses it will not have this dreadful code of honor to satisfy? It would seem quite reasonable that the arbitration of nations should be sufficient to clear the character of a country from cowardice because it does not fight as Spain is fighting, a losing battle, simply to prove that the poor and the weak, even if they are in the wrong, cannot afford to permit the intervention of the strong and the rich.

In private life the same thing goes. The man who feels that his honor, which is a most indefinite proposition even to himself, has been insulted, either takes a pistol or goes to law, and in either case is ruined, vindicating nothing but a conventionality. What we have to should endeavor to possess honorably, and its possession should not be sullied by a feeling that we have obtained what we have got, improperly. The law which governs the world is not always registered in the statutes of the country in which we live, but the wild folly of fighting people or demonstrating that we care for the opinion of those who do not care for us, is a madness which should never enter our calculations. The man whose wife is unfaithful to him frequently thinks he must kill or mutilate or prosecute her or her paramour, or both. This is made to seem necessary in order to sustain a high standard of marital honor, but it has little or nothing to do with domestic peace. As we watch the newspapers and contemplate the occurrences that come under our observation, we are naturally very doubtful as to the wisdom of the performances which are continually being chronicled. What is cannot be very well changed into what ought to be, and when we find things are wrong we would be better em-

propriety, and as a rule possess the least shreds of honor to defend. Both the persons and the nations who seem to feel it necessary to engage either in litigation or war to show that they are right, are those whose conduct has been so open to suspicion that neither a law court nor the arbitrament of war can clear them from suspicion or prevent the wagging of the tongue of calumny.

In connection with the sweetly sudden affection between the United States and Great Britain—an affection which, to use the terms of prominent papers on different sides of the Atlantic, is that between "a bald-faced turkey claiming to be an eagle," and "the pigeon-livered, white-lipped poltroon of the seas"—it might be well to mention an incident which occurred in County Mayo last Sunday. County Mayo is in Ireland of course, and the meeting was called to protest against "the indifference of British rulers towards starvation in Ireland." There is nothing funny about starvation anywhere. The humor of the item is in the situation created by the Irish agitators who got the thing up, and the rather embarrassing position in which it puts the clamorous friends of Ireland in America who have instigated so many violent outbreaks by United States congressmen against Great Britain. Unless the whole affair was organized by someone whose Irish sense of humor could not let the opportunity pass, the gathering and the resolutions show how superlatively regardless of everything diplomatic and timely the disaffected Irish insist upon being. According to the cable report published by a local daily, great enthusiasm was manifested in the starting of a national appeal to the President and Congress of the United States pointing out the condition of Ireland's population, "insulted and coerced by insolent foreign masters," and praying for the intervention of the Government of the great republic "to obtain self-government for Ireland and a cessation of famine and over-taxation."

Here is another chance for the valiant Uncle Sam to "intervene." It is true the appeal is not what may be called timely,

necessity in order to enable Canada to get the population to produce the wheat. Great Britain therefore should consider this problem from a political as well as from an economical point of view. Great Britain's storehouses must be neither held nor filled by an alien people if Great Britain desires to be safe from starvation in time of war. Of course she possesses India, Australia, and a large section of Africa, all of which are, or will be in course of time, food producers and exporters, but Canada is the nearest and safest country to rely upon, and as it must be retained and fortified as the alternate route to China and India, it should be given the greatest possible chance of development and population, particularly the latter, as our greatest safety from invasion will be found in a large and progressive population.

THE other day a young man was fined "one dollar and costs for jostling a young woman on the streets and acting in a disorderly manner." If he purposely jostled the young woman and acted as so many ill-bred young fellows do on the streets, his punishment was too light. Of course, if he did not do as he was alleged to have done, he should not have been punished at all. Presuming that the proof was positive, he should have been taught a lesson. Severe lessons ought to be taught all of those immature rowdies who think it smart on Sundays and in the evenings to ramble about the streets in groups of from three to half a dozen, pushing one another about and talking loudly and obscenely amongst themselves, interfering with the progress of respectable pedestrians and frightening, if not insulting, the young women who pass them either on foot or on bicycles. A few good able-bodied men who made a practice of knocking these fellows down probably would be punished, but they would do a great favor to the community. Life on our streets should be as safe from interference and insult as in our homes so long as people carry themselves in an orderly way and observe anything like decent hours. There is no reason why people should not be absolutely safe from impertinence at any hour, except that at night the evil of the town comes forth under the cover of darkness and everyone is more or less suspected of a sinister motive while being abroad so late.

It seems to me that the rudeness of the very young men of Toronto is increasing and that more boys who are but half-baked go wandering about in an exceedingly rowdy manner. It may be only a fancy born of a great intolerance of such performances, but it strikes me that less consideration is every day being shown to womenkind, to the elderly, and indeed to everyone who is not aggressive. Can it be that the bicycle is temporarily to blame for any phase of this "get out of the way or I will run over you" attitude of the younger people? It is quite possible that the novelty of the thing has affected heads that are only half-hardened and has developed latent tendencies in the direction of bullying. It perhaps has not yet become usual for parents, and even the police, to reprimand those who show such slight reverence for people who move slowly and have to go about. I do not want to be discovered in any attempt to preach, but the subject is worth looking into; and there is another phase of it that will bear examination. In going out through the parks and drives in outlying Toronto these beautiful spring Sundays, one sees an extraordinary number of young and hardly responsible people of both sexes who conduct themselves with an abandon they would never think of indulging in were they walking instead of riding bicycles. There is a modest way for a woman to ride a bicycle; so there is a bold way of doing it; and as there is a modest way of resting on the grass and under the trees, so there is a bold and suggestive way which doubtless means no great harm, but which does not elevate the young people who indulge in it in the estimation of beholders. The young men and young women who are out walking would hardly think of lying down near together on the grass under a tree, resting on their elbows and chatting familiarly with their faces not two feet apart, regardless of the staring of hundreds of people who pass. Yet many bicyclists seem to think nothing of this sort of thing; they seem to esteem their wheels as chaperones and excuses for great laxity of behavior. This sort of thing is not as objectionable in public places, nor is it as liable to lead to bad results as when young people without any chaperones are permitted to wander all over the country unrestrained even by the eyes of an occasional passer-by. It may be all right and the notions of those who do not ride bicycles may be the prejudices of old fogies, but everyone learns some day, no matter how fast the world goes around, that a reasonable respect of conventionalities often keeps people out of both trouble and ill-repute.

THE sudden death of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, as the result of a runaway accident, sent a great shock throughout political circles in Canada. He was unquestionably one of the strongest personalities in the House of Commons, and although he has been standing apart from the rival parties in the House,



THE LATE DALTON MCCARTHY, Q.C., M.P.

the influence of his ability was incalculable. The widespread regret at his death and the unstinted praise of the man which that calamity has called forth, serve to remind us that independent men are at least, and at last, valued at their worth when their careers are over.

THE war news of the week has been very unsatisfactory to those of sanguinary tastes. It has developed that the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila was a massacre, not a victory, and those with long-range guns killed and sunk hundreds of Spaniards, while the short-range guns, miserably equipped and loaded with powder which was probably half sand because of the corruption of Spanish officials, made no havoc at all. Commodore Dewey probably knew all about this, because he has been on the Asiatic station for about twenty years and was well informed by the insurrectionists. The terrible loss of life, the destruction of property and the embargo on trade which has been caused by the assault on Manila, must admittedly be greater than anything Cuba suffered. In the cause of "humanity" and "Christianity" terrible things are being done, and while there is no intention of detracting from Commodore Dewey's performances, yet the performances of a fleet that loses no men and only suffers a thousand dollars' worth of damage while sending a lot of wooden ships to the bottom, may very easily be overrated by our neighbors as a great naval achievement. Incapacity seems to be the keynote of what at one time was supposed to be



H. M. THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

Spanish strategy, and it is not wonderful that the whole Spanish nation has become disturbed and insubordinate by the conduct of a fleet which is successful nowhere and is of interest only because it is so hard to find. Beyond retrieval the glory has passed from Spain, and how much of this glory the United States can claim will be properly apportioned by the nations when it is observed how easily victories have been won and what a dreadful loss of life and property has been the result of meddling with other people's business. Don.

Our War Diary.

SECOND WEEK.

FRIDAY, MAY 6.—Yesterday's reports of severe losses sustained by Commodore Dewey's fleet are denied and it is conceded that no news has yet arrived from Manila. Senator Burrows of Michigan yesterday stated in Washington that Admiral Sampson would possess Porto Rico within two days. Rumors came in of Spanish war vessels off Nova Scotia and Hayti; also that Dewey is cooped up in the harbor at Manila by a dozen Spanish gunboats. Riots are reported from various points in Spain.

SATURDAY, MAY 7.—Despatches from Dewey were received today stating that he destroyed the following vessels: Reina Christina, Castilla, Uloa, Isle de Cuba, Gen. Lozo, the Duero, Correo, Velasco, Miranda, one transport, and the water battery at Cavite. He did not lose a man, although some were wounded. He destroyed fortifications at bay entrance, seized Cavite, controls the bay, and can take the city at any time.

SUNDAY, MAY 8.—The insurgents in the Philippine Islands are reported to be massacring the Spaniards, and it is understood that Commodore Dewey is unable to restrain the rebels. Nine Spanish vessels are said to have passed Lisbon going south yesterday; the whereabouts of the Cape Verde fleet is unknown.

TUESDAY, MAY 10.—Report that the Spanish Admiral at Manila has been killed by the insurgents and that a massacre is under way. General Nelson A. Miles leaves Washington tonight for Tampa, Fla., and will go to Cuba with the troops, transportation having now been arranged for 25,000 men. The Spanish fleet at Cadiz still remains idle, while the Cape Verde fleet cannot be located. A revolution threatens in Italy.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11.—Report comes that the United States fleet at Porto Rico will be withdrawn to Cuba and Havana reduced, the Spanish fleet having put back, it is said, to Cadiz, on the principle, perhaps, that Spain is more valuable than her islands, and her domestic enemies more to be feared than foreign ones. Cruiser Charleston sails today from San Francisco to join Admiral Dewey, and other vessels will follow.

THURSDAY, MAY 12.—Despatches from Washington say that the whole force of the United States will be at once turned against Havana. All vessels at Key West are suddenly ordered not to leave port, but to hold themselves in readiness for orders. Major-General Wesley Merritt will go to Manila with troops as Military Governor of the Philippines. The Spanish fleet is still missing, and the exact whereabouts of Admiral Sampson is also unknown. It is reported that the United States ships yesterday attacked Cienfuegos and Cardenas and attempted to land forces, but were driven off. The Spanish gunboat Antonio Lopez and the U. S. gunboat Winslow were disabled.

Social and Personal.

THE ladies who rode at the Horse Show to exhibit saddle horses were: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Mabel Lee, Mrs. James Carruthers, and Miss Maude Hendrie of Hamilton. We have not this year had a lady whip in the ring, and so missed what is always a great attraction. Toronto boasts some capital lady drivers, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt being a practiced whip. Miss Melvin-Jones, also a very fine driver, is now holidaying at the Mediterranean, and Miss Louie Jones, another smart little hand on the ribbons, is at this moment half way across the ocean on her way home to Canada.

The Kingston contingent may claim a good deal of thanks for their contribution to the *clout* of the Horse Show. The handsome presence of Colonel Montzambert, Jolly Major Ogilvie and his charming wife, Colonel and Mrs. Drury, always more than welcome to Toronto, Miss Montzambert and Miss MacDonald, two charming girls, and the splendid young chaps from the R.M.C., who certainly roused much admiration and enthusiasm, with the rattling artillery and fine horses from the Battery, all of these Kingston loaned us and much are we indebted to the Limestone City.

A popular judge and first-rate fellow is Mr. Harry Hamlin of Buffalo, who entered into the spirit of the show like a boy, and was patriotic enough to wear a *boutonnieres* clasp of crossed "Stars and Stripes" every day during the show. Persons who know Buffalo do not need to ask who Mr. Hamlin is, and this is not his first visit to Toronto in connection with the equine race, as his judicious purchases at Exhibition time more than once witness. The fame of Gladys and Queen are too well known in the greater Horse Shows at Gotham.

Rose color was a hot favorite in the smartest gowns at the Horse Show. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn wore a pretty bodice of this shade once or twice, and some of the prettiest hats imaginable. Miss Helen Armstrong also chose rose color. Miss Hendrie had a lovely Paris embroidered frock in the fashionable shade, and Mrs. Carruthers wore a rose-colored silk with white guimpe that was one of Miss Johnston's prettiest creations. And there were some lovely grays too. Miss Aileen Gooderham's with gray hat piled with lilacs; Mrs. James Crowther's, relieved with white; Miss Toronto's, with rich little wrap; Mrs. Forster's, worn with violets, and Mrs. Victor Cawthra's exquisite gown with silver embroidery and white guimpe, being noticeable. Miss Ottawa, another *fiancee toute charmante*, wore lovely frocks, and her sweet youthful beauty did them full justice as she quipped it in Mr. Adam Beck's box; and just behind her, Mrs. Riddell was each day a fairer picture, her gown on closing night being of exquisite white satin brocade, with pale blue velvet bodice and touches of blue amid the rich brocade skirt. The Mesdames Cox and Mrs. John Dixon formed a stunning box party at the east end, and fairy Mrs. Fraser MacDonald in a

gauzy black skirt, white satin tucked blouse and rose-wreathed hat was as pretty as a picture.

On Thursday of last week a very pretty and fashionable wedding took place at the residence of Mr. James Lumbers, 188 Sherbourne street, when the only daughter of the house, Miss Louisa Mabel Lumbers, and Dr. William James McCollum, eldest son of the late Dr. J. A. McCollum, were married. Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints', officiating. Miss Lumbers' bridal gown was of ivory duchess satin, veiled with rare Brussels lace over one hundred years old. Miss Edith McCollum, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, charmingly gowned in white silk and chiffon. Mr. Walter Watkins was groomsmen. The wedding breakfast was elegantly served by Webb's men, and after congratulations and good wishes were bestowed by the guests, and the time-honored fashion of a wedding dance had been observed to the fine music of the Italians, Dr. and Mrs. McCollum left for a trip through Lower Canada and a visit to New York. The date of their post-nuptial reception will be given shortly.

Lieutenant-General Lord William Frederick Ernest Seymour is to be our new Commander-in-Chief. The name sounds well, and it is to be hoped the new man won't be as touchy as the late lamented.

To-day and Monday several Toronto ladies are going to Ottawa to attend the annual meeting of the National Council of Women. Lady Aberdeen gives an At Home to the delegates on Monday evening.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week saw a very pretty *fete* or bicycle gymkhana at the Victoria Rink, Montreal, in aid of the *creeche* of that city. A smart board of society ladies had the management, and the judges were Colonel Frank Bond and Dr. H. B. Yates.

An informal and most delightful tea was given by Mrs. Harry Patterson for Mrs. Drury on Thursday of Horse Show week, when the many friends who received the hospitable bidding of Mrs. Patterson were on hand to welcome her guest.

Mr. Thomas Tait was in town this week. Mrs. Tait has been with her mother, Mrs. Cockburn, and her absence from the Horse Show on account of the indisposition of her little one was the occasion of many regrets to her friends. Mr. Cockburn has also been confined to the house with a relaxed throat.

The next week's social duties will be light, for housecleaning is on and the Races are looming in the happy future. The great interest taken in Mlle. Toronto's concert will make Tuesday a reserve night. The dime concert at the Armouries will take up Saturday evening, and various other musical and such like events are on for the balance of the week.

People have been dropping in all the week to look at the O. S. A. exhibit, where there are some good things hung. Miss Spurr's five oils have many admirers, and Miss Carlyle's bit, with the clothes on the line drying in a high wind and the breezy young *blanchisseuse*, arms akimbo, is the pet of many.

In the street cars, the five o'clock tea-room and the Art Exhibit, the loud talker is a great affliction. In the shops she uplifts her strident tones, but all this is not to be compared to the way she tortures tired and drowsy feminine humanity at the Turkish baths, where, if anywhere, one has a right to demand quiet. I have been at the baths when fifteen other women were enjoying them, and one could not hear more than a murmur of voices, and I have heard two women disturb a whole party of quiet snoozers by their high-pitched tones and loud laughter. The loud talker is one of the things that "never would be missed" if she were a thousand miles away on ladies' day at the Turkish baths.

Mrs. Mackenzie gave a beautiful luncheon party on Wednesday for her guests, Mrs. Porteous and Mrs. Drury of Kingston. The table was decorated with crimson and white roses and white satin and smilax. Covers were laid for twenty. The invited guests were: Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Williams, sister of Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. A. Denison, the Misses Kingsmill, the Misses Rene and Helen Hugel, Mrs. Lumsden and Miss Rose Patterson, with the rather large house party, including the guest of honor, Mrs. Porteous. The rain and thunder kept the happy party storm-bound until after six o'clock, and such a royal afternoon of fun has seldom followed such an altogether charming midday repast.

"When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

Might have been the language of the forty-odd brave men and women who sallied forth in Wednesday's storm to Mrs. Bromley Davenport's tea in the Tea Room. The cosy place was a bright refuge from the fury of the elements and tea was prettily served at many small tables. A large circle of the friends and admirers of the pretty English woman were on hand, and the afternoon was most enjoyable.

The Riding Club, with its enthusiastic membership of twenty-five, rides every Saturday, and morning rides on Sunday are also in vogue. Mr. W. H. Lamont is president, and I caught a glimpse of him on Sunday on that fine horse Eppelworth, who landed some of us good stakes two years ago. Joe Lee is secretary-treasurer and Bert Kent recording angel of the Riding Club.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunnehelm has gone to New York to meet Miss Winifrede, who has finished her education in England and returns on the *Majestic*. She will be one of next season's *debutantes*. Mrs. Warwick, sr., of St. George street, with her grand-daughter, Miss Amy Kavanagh, and her daughter, Mrs. Maddison, sails on the twenty-first for Europe. The Warwick of Sunnehelm will spend the summer at Burlington Beach at The Gables, with Mrs. Shambrooke of Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop returned to Hamilton on Tuesday, the charming contralto laden with roses and compliments for her beautiful singing at the cello recital on Monday evening. A pretty luncheon was given for Mrs. Mackelcan at McConkey's on Tuesday, at which Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Riddell and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Crossen, and Mrs. Pieper of San Francisco, were among the guests. Mrs. Pieper left Toronto on Wednesday for the West Coast.

Miss Ethel Heaven and her cousin, Miss Palmer of Mexico, have sent out invitations to a cycling party and high tea for this afternoon. A Japanese tone is to be given to the pleasant affair by the apple-blossom decorations of the table and house. Needless to state that an artistic atmosphere rules in any function at Atherley. Miss Palmer leaves for home shortly.

A very sad household is that of Mrs. Lewis Howard, 709 Ontario street, where that dread disease, diphtheria, has now laid low the young mother, who was nursing her already stricken little sons. Bright little chaps were Rupert and Francis, and all the friends of the family hope soon to hear that they and their pretty mother are convalescent.

The entertainment to be given by the Browning Club next Wednesday evening is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation and confidence by the club members and the public generally. Some of our prettiest young people are to take part in the tableaux, which represent scenes taken from Browning, and an exceptionally attractive programme of Browning songs and readings has been prepared, in which such well known artists as Miss Lillian Burns, Miss Ida McLean, Miss Ella Ronan, Mrs. Rita Ross and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne are to take part, while sweet incidental music will be provided by the Mozart String Quartette. The tableaux are to be shown by electric lights of soft hues, and as all connected are working heartily, from the president down to the wee tots who are to follow the pied piper, everything points to a distinct success. The entertainment will be given in the lecture-room of the Unitarian church, the headquarters of the Browning Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harper of Sackville street gave a progressive euchre party to some of their friends on Friday evening of last week. The ladies' first prize was won by Miss Addie

Holmes, booby prize by Miss P. Holmes. Gentlemen's first prize went to Mr. Wm. Wallace, booby to Mr. F. Campbell. Among those present were: Mesdames Wallace, Ellison and Hudson, and Messrs. C. W. Baxter, Rowland, W. M. Wallace, G. W. Wallace, J. Burns, and others. A very pleasant evening was spent.

The Argonaut eight-oar shell has arrived. I hear of a fitting christening party, then a gallant eight will get down to work, and after that—the victory.



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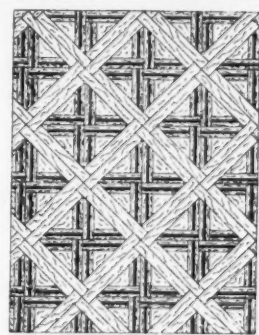
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WITH the stroke of eleven last Saturday night the most successful scheme ever gotten up in the way of a mammoth amusement for the

classes and the masses came to a brilliant finale, and the panorama of light and color which had passed before many staring and critical eyes disintegrated and took itself into fragments north, south, east and west—to the club for supper, to the boudoir for a brisk chat over the new gowns and wondrous head-gear of the Show, the flaying of some who had snubbed, the jeering at others who just didn't arrive, the raptures over some social favorite, and the congratulations over some popular prize-winner. It is very funny to hear it all, and more than usual of it was flying about this season, for several choice tid-bits of gossip came to light during the later days of the Show, gossip whispered as the wind blows, no one knowing whence it came! There was the observant person whose chief object seemed to be to watch the goings-on of some jovial souls; she could not name the prize-winners, nor tell how the Gress won the tug of war, but she knew just how often Mr. Bjinks had beckoned to his friends for a rally to the buffet, and just how many suppers each free Cuban had set up and who had eaten thereof; just who got bouquets, and whence they came. And woe to the impecunious or pennurious who wore a done-over frock or a too elaborate costume. She knew how this one came to be on the line and how the other came to wander lonely, and she told all she knew, and more too. There was quite a new lot of people to the fore, partly on account of the amalgamation of the Horse Show and Military Tournament, partly because it has been discovered that the presence of a titled or distinguished person is not only an unending attraction for the gapers in the world outside, but also an incentive to various degrees of showing off by that mysterious assemblage of ultra-marine blooded persons calling themselves society. And that society should "show off" and do its level best to carry out the idea of being altogether lovely in garb and high-toned sentiment, is not altogether a bad *raison d'être* for a show even of the magnitude of last week's celebration. Consequently society got its skates on, and the result was something which a visiting magnate confessed to me was "quite a credit to Toronto." And it was kept up to the last hour, no matter if now and then some one fell by the way. The Saturday evening crowd, though somewhat wan and heavy-lidded, was to a unit full of enthusiasm. The things which most persons will remember of last week's show are the drill of the R.M.C. Cadets from Kingston, perfect and skilful; the driving of Lieutenant Peters, who won the Governor-General's gold medal and is the most facile and good all-round man of the lot; the march past and "eyes right" of the regulars and volunteers and the officers' sweep of the sword, and the wave of Colonel Otter's finger in return salute. The wild and ponderous gun-carriages with their four horses and outriders and postillions as they dashed and rumbled and swirled about in hair-raising propinquity; the glory of the prize cab and the cheers of the mob for it; the game old man and the *boulevard* young one who jumped for fame and hit the tankard hard; handsome young Fuller's Eton collar and clever handling of his horse; Miss Maude Hendrie's golden beaver and perfect seat; the frisky old lady who took possession of the Bryce Allen box and was apologetically fired by a shameseeked committee; the pretty Ward twins with their dainty mamma, and the dignified way they and Miss Leonie Ridout sat up and discoursed at babies' matinee, when, by the way, two charmingly dressed youngsters, granddaughters of Mr. David Walker, were pictures of quaintness and style; the altogether chic and fetching gowns worn by the three sisters from the Holmstead and their guest, Miss Oak-shott; the *parterre* of pink roses from the dinner parties at the Toronto Club; the fair bright faces of Miss Ottaway, Miss Lorna Gibbons, Miss, Toronto, Mrs. Craig (a blue-grass belle), Mrs. Hostetter (a Chicago belle), Lady Douglas, pretty little Miss Plumb, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. Machray, who looked a picture in the prettiest of gowns, as did also Mrs. McKinnon in black velvet and a monstrously *modish* big hat of yellow; the two gray cloth gowns, delicate in shade and exquisite in fit, the one clothing the trim *petite* figure of Mrs. Willie Ince, the other gracefully worn by Mrs. Willie Moore; the trim little lady, Mrs. Bryce Allen, loving a horse to distraction and one of the cleverest horsewomen in the Myopia Club at her Boston home; the smart contingent from Detroit, the gray fedora from Montreal, the sporty overcoat from Buffalo, and the seedy one from Woodstock; the wonderful tones of Sergeant Dingley, the periodical carrying-off of the telephone and the intermittent carrying-on of the various riant and mischief-

loving lads and lasses—all these jumble together in the mind as the aftermath of the great Horse Show and Military Tournament. But through it all runs the golden thread of glory, a big success, and as such only whetting one's appetite for the next excitement, the O.J.C. Races. Young Master Fuller, as he rode about the ring, was watched with critical and somewhat yearning eyes by our two young Nimrods, Master Allen Case and Master Clement Beardmore. Next spring, perhaps, he won't be the only boy on a horse.

A very pretty sight was the Conservatory Hall on Monday evening, when Herr Rudolf Ruth's cello recital was the attraction to a very smart audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the programme provided by the artist and Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Ada Hart and Mr. Shaw. The Government House party were unable to attend, being previously promised to the O. S. A. private view; but an unusual number of the ladies interested in the affair were present. Mrs. Mackelcan, in white silk and pearls, was most successful with her new songs, but her encores, the ever beautiful Oh, That We Two Were Maying, which shows the depth and fullness of her fine voice and expression to perfection, and the Creole Love Song, which charmed everyone, were even more liked. The stage was prettily decorated with palms, scarlet geraniums and marguerites, and the audience was unusually smart. Among the handsomely gowned party I noticed a group of five young people from Benvenuto, a very nice party chaperoned by Mr. George Sears, Mrs. and Miss Delamere, Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. Lucius O'Brien, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mrs. and Miss Cattanaach, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sablière, Mrs. and Miss Case, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Miss George, Mr. W. Laidlaw, Q.C., the Misses Treble, Miss Mackay, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Boulbete, Mrs. Robert Darling, Mrs. Moorhouse, Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Crossen, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss Edith Staunton, the Misses Sloan, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Hees, Mrs. Pieper of San Francisco, Mr. Hugo Ross and Mr. Muir, who acted as ushers, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Forlong, Mrs. Farri, Miss Sherwood of Peterboro', Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Cleve Hall, Miss Carrie Lash, and many others. After the concert Herr Ruth entertained the artists who assisted him, at a most enjoyable German supper, and played several times. Mrs. Mackelcan sang some new songs, noticeably a setting of the favorite, At Parting, which is intensely dramatic but not so hackneyed as the more generally known arrangement. Miss Agnes Dunlop also sang, and Miss Hart played, exquisitely.

Mrs. Mackenzie's tea for Mrs. Porteous of Montreal was favored with a charming sunlit afternoon, after several dull days, and Benvenuto in all its old-time beauty, glowing with the young life of early summer, was admired by everyone exceedingly. And fair without was fairer within, for there were smiling girls and the gentle hostess and her pretty guest with hearty welcome for one and all. The dashing touch given by the military uniforms was added to the effervescence of spring millinery from the matinee at the Armouries. General, colonel and major, with cadets galore, were among the beaux, Colonel Drury and Major Ogilvie from Kingston being quite as much in their element as the most ultra-exquisite bouquet-holder of the silly set, and the cadets keeping close together for a time, but soon finding their ranks broken by an onslaught of laughing hostesses, who carried them off to be regaled on strawberry short-cake and such irresistibles. Mr. Mackenzie was the best of hosts, with a twinkle in his eye and no hint of the big affairs of the world outside, in whose pie he has a true Jack Horner finger and thumb. This quiet man, not too busy to give an hour to a game of home billiards or an afternoon tea, is an object-lesson to the smaller business fry, who are, or pretend to be, so absorbed in weighty concerns as never to have time for a bit of fun. A small creature in white, with golden hair, one of the Porteous babies, paraded about with much aplomb among the crowds of people, among whom were: Mrs. Allan of Moss Park, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mrs. Willie Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Major and Mrs. Ogilvie, Colonel and Mrs. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles and Miss Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Miss Macdonald of Kingston, Lieutenant Peters, Captain and Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mrs. Ross, Miss Rowand, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dickson Patterson.

The lecture given by Senor Juan du Bose at Massey Hall last week attracted a large audience, and the exceedingly one-sided style of the Senor's deliverance evidently suited the taste of a good many who had expected to hear him, as was elegantly stated, "pitch into the Yankees." The dear Senor did very little else, and his effort needed all the apologies he

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IT is now rather more than twelve years since the disappearance and the finding of Henry Powell on Mooroolooloo station, New South Wales, and rather less since the subsequent case in which I myself was perhaps the principal witness. And I think that the time has arrived for confessing that the evidence which I gave on that occasion, though indeed "not true," was nevertheless not "the whole truth" at all.

I did not and I do not believe there was a single being in that Colonial court who would have credited the whole truth had I told it there and then upon my oath. Nor was it essential to the case. Nor did I care to return to the station, nor chum as I still was, with yet another handle for native-born buffoonery. But I am no longer the storekeeper of Mooroolooloo; and I believe the public mind to be broader than it was in the matter of so-called ghosts. At all events I am going to tell you for the first time what my own eyes saw, on a day and night in January, in the year 1884.

I had been some six weeks in the Riverina, and I was alone at our home-station for the night. The owner was paying a visit. He and the manager were camping at an out-station nineteen miles away. The overseer was absent on his holiday. I had the homestead entirely to myself, for there was neither woman nor child upon the place. Suddenly, between nine and ten o'clock, as I sat smoking and thinking on the back veranda, a spurt of rain fell, and I made out the crinkled mole-skins and the full wide-awake of one of the men.

"Powell the rabbit is lost in the bush, mister," said he.

I sprang to my feet, for the news was like that of a man overboard at sea.

"How long has he been out?"

"Since yesterday morning."

"But I thought he camped with old Wylie at the Five-mile whim?"

"So he does."

"Then why didn't Wylie come in sooner?"

"Ah! there you hit it," said my man.

"That's what we've all been asking him, but Wylie says his mate was given to stopping off nights at other chaps' camps, and he never thought anything of it till he didn't turn up this evening. Even if he had he couldn't have left the whim, Wylie couldn't, with no other water anywhere near, and the sheep drawing to the troughs from four paddocks. But he's come in now, and he's up at the but if you like to see him."

And at the men's hut I found the whim-driver, the center still of an attentive group, but no longer, I thought, the target of questions and cross-questions implying criticism and blame. On the contrary, there was now every token of sympathy with the anxiety and distress of mind from which Wylie was obviously suffering, and at the sight of which I also could spare him some of the pity which I felt for the missing rabbit.

The whim-driver was an elderly man, with brown wrinkles all over his face, and gray whiskers parting at a baggy throat; but he was still powerfully built, and a typical bushman with his eagle eye and his strong bare arms. His eye, however, was hot with horror and remorse as it met mine, and the whole man was twitching as he told me his tale.

"If only I had guessed anything was wrong, sir," he cried, "I would have left the sheep in a minute, though my bill depended upon it. But he's so often stopped away one night that it never bothered me till the day wore on and he didn't come back. God forgive me, I never even thought of telling the bosses when they passed this morning on their way to the out-station. Yet I might have known—I might have known! He was a sailor, poor Powell was, and sailors are always the worst bushmen. I've known him get bushed before, but only for an hour or two. And to think of him being out all this time—in this heat, with not a drop of water in the crabs holes! He may—he may be dead already—my poor mate, my poor mate!"

With that he turned his back upon us, in the most evident agitation, so that we thought it kindest not to refer to him in the brief council of war which the men and I now held together. It was promptly decided that all hands should form a search party to start at day-break, with the exception of Wylie and myself. Wylie must return to his whim.

My knowledge of the country was as yet very limited, and therefore I was the one who could best be spared to ride at once to the out-station and inform the "bosses" of what had occurred. The night horse was the only animal in the yard, but I took it to save time, and shortly after ten o'clock rode off with Wylie, our way coinciding as far as the Five-mile whim.

There was no moon, and the night was anything but clear for that land of bright stars and cloudless skies. A hot north wind of several days' duration had blown suddenly into the south, whence it was now blowing hard and chill, so that I buttoned my coat up as we cantered side by side, and took off my eye-glasses, lest the rushing wind should lift them from my nose. We spoke very little as we rode, but once, when we drew rein and ambled for a little, my companion reproached himself for not having given an earlier alarm.

It was impossible not to feel sorry for him, but equally impossible to acquit him of blame, so I said very little in reply. When we came to the hut a dull red glow burnt steadily within, and Wylie sighed bitterly as he explained that he had built up the fire before leaving, that his poor

mate might find all comfortable if some happy chance should bring him back. He added that he supposed I would push straight on without dismounting; but I was cold and the glow looked grateful, and I had slipped from the saddle before the words were out of his mouth. Next moment I uttered a loud cry.

The door of the hut was at one end, to the left of the dying fire, and at the opposite end were two low, rude bunks, one in each corner. On the foot of the right-hand bunk sat a figure I could have sworn to even without my glasses. It was the missing rabbit, in a red-checked shirt which I had often seen him wear, and his face was buried in his hands.

"Wylie," cried I, wheeling around on the threshold, "he has come back, and here he is—sitting on his bunk!"

It was too dark for me to see Wylie's face, but he tumbled rather than dismounted from his horse, and I felt him trembling as he brushed past me into the hut.

I followed him, but during the single instant my back had been turned the rabbit had moved. He was not on the bunk. Wylie kicked the logs into a blaze and then turned upon me fiercely.

For the rabbit was not in the hut at all.

"What d'ye mean," he roared, "by playing tricks on a chap who's lost his mate? Out of my hut, you young devil—out of my hut!"

Never have I seen man more completely beside himself; he was shaking from head to foot in a perfect palsy, and his clenched fists were shaking in my face. I assured him I had played no conscious trick—it was my defective eye-sight that must have played one on me. Now that I put on my glasses I could see that the hut was empty but for our two selves; that it must have been absolutely empty till we entered. And yet I could have sworn that I had seen the lost rabbit nursing his face at the foot of the right hand bunk.

My companion cooled down, however, on becoming convinced of my good faith, and instead of turning me out, seemed to set his heart upon explaining my fancied vision before he would let me go. Pictures from the illustrated papers had been tacked up over the rabbit's bunk. One was the old colored print of Red Riding Hood, with the four trees like an elephant's leg; and Wylie would have it that the firelight glowing on the child's hood had made the splotch of red which my nerves had exaggerated into a Crimean shirt.

To me this explanation seemed much more ridiculous than the thing it sought to explain, but I had to admit that I could see but poorly without my glasses, and indeed I was very ready to confess to some inexplicable delusion on my part. So at that we left it, and I was glad enough to turn my back on the Five-mile hut, and to push on to the out-station at a hand-gallop.

Mr. Armit, the owner, and Mr. Mackeson, his manager, were still sitting up, discussing ways and means of coping with the long-continued drought; and the owner was good enough to praise my promptitude in coming to them at once. It was now midnight, and after a little consideration it was decided that we should all lie down for a bit preparatory to starting back a couple of hours before daybreak in order to take part in the search. For my part, I made myself very comfortable before the fire, with my saddle for a pillow, and fell asleep in a moment.

And in another, as it seemed to me, there was Mackeson laying hold of my shoulder and shouting in my ear that we were an hour late in starting as it was.

Our owner, however, had long been accustomed to the hardships of the bush, and when the time came he could not face the keen edge of the day without his panikin of tea and his bite of "brownie."

So the sun was on us before we were half-way to the Five-mile—not the red ball of nineteen out of twenty Riverina dawns, but a copper disc like a new penny. Clouds of sand were whirling in the wind, which had risen greatly in the night, and was rising still; puffs of sand kept breaking from the plain to join the clouds; and we coughed, all three of us, as we cantered neck and neck.

"Do you think you could drive a whim?" said Mr. Armit, drawing rein as we sighted the Five-mile, and suddenly turning to me.

"I believe I could, sir. I have seen one working, and it looks simple enough."

"It's as easy as it looks if you keep your tank nice and full, and feed your troughs regularly. Wylie will show you all that's necessary in five minutes; the fact is, I think of leaving you in charge of this whim here, since you can hardly know the paddocks well enough to be of much use in the search, whereas Wylie knows every inch of the run. What do you say, Mr. Mackeson? It is for you to decide."

"I agree with you, sir. But—but where's the whim got to?"

"Bless my soul!" gasped the other. "I was afraid we were in for a dust-storm, but I didn't think it would come so quick."

Indeed, we were in the thick of the storm already. It was but a moment since but and whim had disappeared in a whirl of deep yellow sand, and now we could see nothing at all beyond our horses' ears. Luckily we were not many hundred yards from the hut.

"Give them their heads!" shrieked Mackeson, and, following his advice, we gained the hut before the sea of dust had choked us utterly. It literally tinkled on the corrugated roof, and we led in the horses after us, so terrible was the storm. The whim-driver lighted a slush-lamp and put the billy on the fire to give us some tea. Everything in the hut wore a glistening yellow coat; there were layers of sand

on our very eyelids, and what the owner squeezed from his beard alone made a little sand-hill on the floor.

"Poor Powell!" he suddenly exclaimed. "This is the hardest luck of all upon him. It will blot out his tracks. It will double the agonies of thirst he must already have endured. I am very much afraid that it will destroy our last chance of finding him alive."

And Mr. Armit looked reproachfully at the whim-driver, who was making the tea with his back turned to us, crouching over the fire in an attitude so humble and so disconsolate that it would have been inhuman as well as useless to find open fault with him now. For a few seconds there was silence in the hut, silence broken only by the continual tinkle on the roof, which, however, was harder than it had been. Then of a sudden the man at whom we were all looking, wheeled around, sprang up and pointed dramatically to the rattling roof.

"You are wrong—wrong—wrong!" cried he hoarsely. "Listen to that! That's not sand—that's rain! All the worst dust-storms end so; it'll rain the best part of an inch before it stops; instead of doing for him this'll—save—his—life!"

He looked from one to the other of us—half in triumph, half in terror still, I thought—then down on his knees, and back to the boiling billy, and the sugar and the tea. I saw him throw a handful of each among the bubbles—saw his fingers twitching as they spread—and I knew then that the whim-driver's confidence was only lip-deep.

But a part of his prophecy came true enough. It rained until the crabs-holes were full of water—until there was drink enough abroad upon the plains to give the whim a good week's holiday. Long before it stopped, however, I had the Five-mile hut to myself, with that dismal rattle on the roof, and a dull fire of damp logs spitting distressfully beneath the great square chimney. The troughs were not needed, and that was well; they were buried and hidden beneath a ridge of drifted sand, and I was to clear them with the long-handled shovel, instead of driving the whim.

I can still see those three horsemen bobbing into infinity behind the lanes of the rain, and I see myself, a lone-some, spindle-shanked figure, in leggings and breeches, and the gray felt wide-awake which still hangs on my wall; and I do not look very happy as I stand at the door of that hut, beneath the dripping corrugated eaves, but I do look a little elated and proud. I am going to spend days and nights in a hut five miles from any mortal soul, and I am young enough to appreciate playing Robinson Crusoe in earnest. It will be a good experience to put in the next letter home. A good experience!

The rain ceased before noon, when I had some lunch (for there was plenty to eat in Wylie's ration-bags), and then turned out with the long-handled shovel. My spirits rose in the open air. My own actions were less noisy and nerve-disturbing than I had found them in the lonely hut, and I could look all around me as I worked, without constantly foreseeing the hut door darkened by some apparition that might be welcome enough, but which must certainly startle me when it came. The events which I have already chronicled lay heavy on my nerves. I was only nineteen years of age, and I was cursed with an imagination.

Nothing, therefore, could have been better for me than the play I made during the next few hours with the long-handled shovel. Now and then I knocked off to rest my back and smoke a pipe; but, once started, I stuck to my work pretty closely up to five o'clock by the old Waltham watch in the leather pouch on my belt. And I punished every muscle in my body: the shoulders felt as if I plunged the shovel into the heavy wet sand, the arms and shoulders as if I swung it out loaded, while the strain upon back and legs was continuous. My task was the harder owing to the shovel having been bent and blunted by some misuse; yet, so far from loathing it, I was never prouder of anything than of the five-and-twenty yards of submerged trough which I uncovered and cleared that January afternoon.

To tire the body out is the surest way of cleansing and purifying the mind, and I can honestly say that I returned to the hut without any morbid fancy in my head, indeed with no anxiety about anything but the fire, which I had foolishly forgotten. Judge, then, of the sensations with

which I stood still on the threshold. The hut had no windows, but the afternoon had turned out very fine, the sun shone merrily through a hundred crevices, and there, on the foot of the same bunk, sat the lost rabbit, precisely as I had seen him sitting the night before.

How long I stood, how long he remained, I do not know. I remember a hollow voice calling his name. I remember the pattering of my own tottering feet, my nerveless fingers clutching the empty air, my trembling body flung headlong on the other bunk, and the sob that shook it as it lay.

For then I knew that Henry Powell was already dead, and for the second time I had seen his ghost.

Not a particle of doubt remained in my mind. I could not be mistaken twice—I was perfectly certain that I had never been mistaken at all. This time, however, there was no dull red glow to play conceivable tricks in the darkness, for the fire was out, and it was almost as light in the hut as it was outside. Yet there I had seen him, in the self-same attitude, on the self-same spot, his hands covering his face, his beard showing between his wrists, his elbows planted on his thighs. I could have counted the checks in his Crimean shirt, and this time the glasses were still upon my nose.

Yes, I was absolutely certain of what I had seen, and that very certainty was now my consolation. The worst is worst of all before it happens; and the knowledge that I had seen a ghost was much more supportable than the doubt as to whether I had seen one or not. The ghost could not harm me, after all; and instead of sympathizing with myself I should grieve for the poor fellow who was already beyond the reach of succor.

Had they found him yet? Had they found the body? And, if so, would the whim-driver return to his post at once and set me free? My heart beat fast with the hope, in defiance of my head. I might reason with myself that a poor ghost was no fit companion, but how I longed to get away! Even then, however, my courage failed me in another place. Who would believe my yarn? So I stayed where I was, and have held my tongue till now.

Sundown roused me, for I must have my tea, ghost or no ghost, and to make tea I must relight the fire. Here an obstacle confronted and ultimately vanquished me. There was a wood-heap outside, but, of course, the wood was damp, and though I looked for the axe, to chop to the dry heart of the wet logs, I had not found it when night fell hastily, forcing me to abandon the search.

"So I went without my tea, but ate with what appetite I had, and washed down the mutton and damper with pannikins of water from the nine-hundred-gallon tank outside. I had lighted the slush-lamp (mole-skin wick in tin of mutton fat), and I sat watching the foot of the dead man's bunk as I ate, but no further vision interrupted my meal. And afterwards, when I was smoking my pipe in the open air, I would look in every few minutes, and past where the light was burning, for I had an odd idea that I must see the apparition thrice. And I wish I had. Yet of what I saw twice I am as positive now as I was then.

It was a magnificent night; the rain had drawn the fever from the sun-baked plains, and left even that clear air clearer than I had known it yet. Every star was a diamond in the dark blue vault, and my little pipe made the only clouds between earth and heaven. Often as I filled it, I had to light it still oftener at the flame which I had left burning in the hut, for I was rapt in thought. You are nowhere nearer to God than when alone in the bush beneath the undimmed tropic stars. I cannot say what brought it home to me, or by what chain of thought I chanced on the conclusion, but all at once I stood still and knew that the hand of God was in the apparition which I had seen. It meant something.

What did it mean? There must be some reason why I alone, and not Wylie for example, had been made to see the lost man, Powell, sitting on his bunk. Then what could that reason be?

I thought, and thought, and thought, sauntering around and around the hut the while. At last, I entered, but not to light my pipe. I do not know what I meant to do; I only know what I did. I walked to the foot of Powell's bunk, and sat down where I had seen Powell sitting, with a vague feeling, I believe, that in that spot and in his own attitude my spirit might receive some subtle communication from that of the rabbit. What I did receive was quite a nasty tumble; for the foot of the bunk gave way beneath me, and I found myself deposited on the ground instead. Yet he, whom I had seen sitting there, had been in life a much heavier man than myself!

These bunks, or bush beds, as they are constructed upon universal and very simple lines. Four uprights are driven into the earth floor of the hut or tent, and then connected by horizontal poles with sack-cloth slung across. The result combines the merits of both bed and hammock; but the uprights must be firmly rooted in the ground, and I soon saw the explanation of the present downfall; the ground was all loose at the foot of the lost man's bed, and the outer upright had gone down like a ninepin beneath my weight.

For a moment I was merely puzzled. The ground had worn so hard elsewhere in the hut, that I could not imagine why it should begin to crumble in this particular corner. I reached the slush-lamp and peered under the middle of the bed. There it was the same—so soft as a sand-hill—but recently flattened with a shovel. I saw the concave mark. And suddenly I leant back, and got up quietly, but with the perspiration running cold from every pore, for now I knew why the visible form of Henry Powell had appeared to me twice upon the foot of his bed. It was to tell me that his murdered remains lay buried beneath.

Now I knew why Wylie had pretended to be behindhand in bringing in his news; it was that we might think his mate

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really lost, and be ourselves so full of blame for an error of judgment that there should be no room in our minds for deadlier suspicions. Now I understood his rage and horror when I cried out that there was Powell come back—his subsequent anxiety to explain away my vision. And the missing axe—what had it done that he should hide it? And the long-handled shovel—I knew what had blunted and bent it now.

I remember mechanically looking at my watch, and yet not seeing the time. I remember looking again, and it was not quite half-past nine. The time goes so slowly when one is alone, and midnight begins so soon; but I was thankful it was earlier than I had thought. Now I could make sure—it would all be less ghastly than in the veritable dead of night—and then to the station with my news before anybody was in bed.

The miscreant Wylie! How well he had acted his diabolical part—in there at the men's hut, out here before the owner and the manager! Indignation at his bloody villainy was now my first emotion, and it nerved me mightily. I tore away the poles and the sackings, and the soft earth rose in a mound—it had all been put back! I ran for the long-handled shovel, and, urged on by my boiling blood, I began to dig.

God knows how I went on! A boot stuck out first, and when I felt it there was a foot inside. It was scarce eighteen inches below the ground. Next I uncovered the Crimean shirt. That was enough for me. As I bent over it with the light, and blew away the sand, I saw here and there the red checks (no plainer than in my vision, however), but the most of them were blotted out by a dark, stiff stain. I delved no deeper; this was indeed enough. I turned away, deadly sick, without rising from my knees—and there was Wylie, the whim-driver, watching me from the door.

I set the light down on the table—that, at any rate, was between us—and I looked up at him from my knees. He was glaring down on me with the most ferocious expression, every wrinkle writhing, and that loose pouch at his throat swelling as if with venom for spitting in my face. But, so far as I could see, he was unarmed; his bony right hand rested on what I took to be the handle of a stick, and, luckily, the long-handled shovel lay within reach of mine. I was the first to speak.

"I have found him," said I.

"More fool you."

"Why so? I am not frightened of you."

"Not frightened to die?"

"Not particularly; you'll follow me soon enough. One murder you could only conceal one day, and how long are you going to conceal two? Besides, you've got to kill me first!"

And I was on my legs with the long shovel in both hands.

"That's soon done," he answered with a laugh, and then I saw my mistake. What I had taken for a mere stick was the missing axe; he must have hidden it somewhere outside and, after first catching me at work, stolen away and come back with it on tiptoe. Now he took two strides into the hut, and, as the axe came up over his shoulder and hung there, I saw blood upon the blade. The sight of it delayed me at the critical instant; yet I lunged as he struck, then started back, and the axe-head split through the table as though it had been a cigar-box. With a curse he wrenched it free, but I was on him first, and round and round we went, and over and over, until I had the wretch at my mercy in the very grave which his own

hands had dug.

At my mercy, because he lay as one paralyzed when he found his body stretched out on that of his victim; but how long that would have lasted I do not care to conjecture. He was stronger than I, though less active, and I think that his strength must soon have come back tenfold. But it had not done so when I caught the beat of the sweetest music I have ever heard—a duet between eight cantering hoofs drawing nearer and nearer to the hut.

The slush-lamp had fallen and gone out when the axe fell, but my eyes were searching for that villain's eyes in the darkness, and I would have given something to see them as the music fell on his ears too—as the horsemen's spurs jingled on the ground outside and then in the hut.

"Is Wylie here?" cried the manager's voice.

"He is."

"We suspect him of having murdered Powell himself!"

"He has done so. Strike a light and you shall see them both."

But at the trial I said nothing of my two visions, for, as I have stated, I had not then the moral courage, and the case was complete without that. My story began when the bed collapsed beneath me—that was all—so terrified, was I of making myself a discredited laughing-stock. Now I do not care; nor do I think there will be so many disbelievers. At all events I have relieved my mind by telling the whole truth at last—so help me God!

This I think irrelevant, but those who are interested and who do not know it, may be glad to learn that Wylie, the whim-driver, lived to die as he deserved.

[THE END.]

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His First Interview.

W. Pett Ridge in Illustrated London News.
MR. WILFRED GENT-GRACE (it is well to have a two-barrelled name nowadays, despite a late politician's gibe, because if you don't bring the public down with the first, they may fall to the second), Mr. Gent-Grace found it impossible to deny that the notices of his book were coming in unsatisfactorily. He had complained to the Press-Cutting Agency, and the Agency had replied, with some reason, that it could not cut out notices that did not exist. The author, sitting in his underground chambers in King's Bench Walk, told a portrait of the Lord Chief Justice with some sternness that this might satisfy some people, but it did not satisfy him. A tap at the door.
 "Come in!" he said moodily.
 "Lady to see you, sir," said the clerk.
 "This is her card." The clerk coughed.
 "Said she'd come to interview you, sir."
 "Is she old or young?" enquired Mr. Gent-Grace with sudden anxiety. He glanced around the room, and threw his pipe in the coal-scuttle.
 "Not what I call young, sir."
 "Show her in, Polden, and do some work at the table over there. Perhaps you might get us some tea."
 He snatched at a book on social problems, and took up a thoughtful attitude, with his chin supported with one hand. A very large lady sailed into the room with an important swish of skirts.
 "Oh, how do you do?" she said with great geniality. "So good of you to give me five minutes. I've just joined the staff of a new paper—or, rather, I haven't exactly joined, you know, but I'm an occasional—"
 "Won't you sit down?"
 "Thank you so much," said the lady interviewer. "I will sit down. But pray don't trouble to have tea made for me."
 "I was just going to have some."
 "I'm simply dying for a cup," she said cheerfully. "It's puerile of me, I know, but I must say I do like tea. You know I do a good deal of brain work, and unless I eat and drink just what I want, I'm so afraid of my constitution giving way."
 "For my part, I—"
 "My husband was just the reverse, now," she went on with great relish. "If he had about every other hour a steak and a small bottle of Burgundy, and a cigar, he was quite happy. That was," she explained, "before he died, of course. He was a very humorous man, and he often used to say to me, 'You have the mind, I have the appetite.' She gave a high, loud laugh. "I shall never forget it," she said, "he used to say it so often. 'You have the mind,' he would say, 'I have—'
 "Sugar?"
 "Three lumps, please. I'm a dreadful puerile person in regard to sugar." She sipped at her tea.
 "I suppose," said Mr. Gent-Grace importantly, "you want some details or data, or general information concerning my life and my mode of—er—work?"
 "I do all my writing at night," she said inconsequently. "If you were to ask me to sit down now over there where your clerk is and write a clever story I simply couldn't do it. I'm the most puerile—"
 "Personally, I—"
 "But after ten o'clock in the evening I can scribble away like mad. I simply go on, without thinking. I dare say you saw an account I did of a fancy-dress dance held at a private house in West Kensington?"
 "Afraid," said Mr. Gent-Grace, "that I missed that. You see I am so busily engaged in my own work."
 "That's where I can't help thinking you make a mistake," said the large lady coldly. "Unless you read the journals, I'm afraid you'll find yourself behind the times."
 "I should have thought now," he said with an effort at brightness, "that to get behind the *Times* was reading a journal."
 "I beg pardon?"
 The gifted author explained his remark carefully, hoping that it would be written down, but she declared herself unable to see what he meant. Giving it up, she took another cup of tea.
 "I suppose," he began, a little abashed by this failure, "I suppose I was always more or less fond of politics. As a youth I was a member of a debating society and—Haden't you better put this down?"
 She touched her forehead mysteriously.
 "I carry it all here," she said. "When I was a girl my memory was something too puerile for words. Nowadays I can remember almost anything, and even if I don't remember," she smiled amiably, "one can always make up something."
 "I should like," he said hesitatingly, "to look over the proofs, if you didn't mind."
 "I don't think that's at all necessary," she said with much decision. "I hope you don't mean to accuse me of not knowing my own business. Because, if so—"
 "My dear Madam," he said with great anxiety. "You misapprehend me. I'm quite sure that the interview is safe in your hands."
 The clock struck and she rose in a series of jerks.
 "I must be moving," she said cheerfully. "I'm going on to one or two places. There's just one thing I want to ask you. I thought you were so much older than you are."
 "I'm not," said Mr. Gent-Grace.
 "I want to know—here she took a new pocket-book from her bag—"I want to know when you propose to retire?"
 "Well," he said awkwardly, "you see I've not been at the game very long. I hope to go on for some time yet."
 "Oh!" she said in disappointed tones. "That's a pity. But you can't expect to go on playing cricket for ever, surely?"
 "I never have played cricket."
 "Pardon me," she said coldly, "are you not Mr. W. G. Grace, the champion cricketer?"
 "No!" snapped the author.
 "But are you sure? I found the address

in the Directory and I think you must be—"
 "I tell you I'm not," he half shouted. "I'm no relation to him, and I've never seen him. You can't argue a man into being a champion cricketer. Polden, show the lady out."
 The large lady shook her head as she went out of the first door and sighed. "So very like a man," she said pityingly, "not to apologize for wasting my time."

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From the Standard, Ridgetown.
 People who read from week to week of the marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little think that right in their midst exist many who have been relieved from pain and suffering by the use of these wonderful little pills after having suffered untold agonies for months.

Mr. John Hitch, a man well and favorably known throughout the county, was ever ready when opportunity offered to speak a word in praise of these pills and was never tired of recommending them to his friends. A representative of the *Standard*, anxious to know of the cause of Mr. Hitch's recommendation, called upon him at his home recently, and upon telling that gentleman the object of his visit Mr. Hitch consented to an interview. The story in his own words is as follows: "In the winter of 1891 I was taken with a severe attack of la grippe, from which I was confined to the house for some time. This was followed by severe pains and swellings of my lower limbs. I consulted a physician and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I continued under his care for about two months. I was unable to stand alone, but sometimes when I got started I was able to make a few steps unaided. The trouble was principally in my feet and clung to me all summer long. I tried almost everything that friends suggested, hoping to gain relief, but neither medicine taken inwardly nor liniments applied externally gave me any relief. The pain was very great, and I was only too ready to try anything suggested. I spent dollars upon dollars in doctors' medicine, but all to no purpose. The last week I was attended by a physician it cost me five dollars, and having about that time read in the newspapers of the work accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded it was certainly worth the experiment and accordingly purchased a box from a local druggist and commenced their use, discontinuing the doctor's medicine. This was in June or July, 1892. After I had taken the first box of the pills I could feel some change, and after taking several boxes I noticed a great improvement. I continued taking them until I had used thirteen boxes, when I must say I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Some of my customers who came into my yard would ask me what I was doing that I was looking so well (knowing the sick spell I had undergone), and I would always tell them that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought the change. They are the cheapest medicine I ever bought," said Mr. Hitch, "and if I had what I spent in other medicines I could sit at ease this winter. During the interview Mrs. Hitch was an occupant of the room and she heartily concurred in what her husband said, and stated that for one other member of the family the pills had been used with success in a case of severe nervousness. Mr. Hitch, at the time he was seen by the reporter, appeared in excellent health. He is 55 years of age and a man who had always been used to hard work. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, and came to this country twenty-seven years ago. Before locating in Ridgetown he conducted a brick and tile yard at Longwood's road, Middlesex county. He has been carrying on a successful business in Ridgetown for the past ten years.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I wonder what kind of a fish it is!" "Gee! I'll bet it's a corker!"—Puck.
 There is said to be great equineity at the Toronto horse show.—*Dundas Banner*.
 "What is your definition of optimism?" "It is a determination to enjoy life whether you do or not."—*Chicago Record*.
 He—I'm not myself to-night. She—Then how dare you speak to me, sir, without an introduction!—*Chicago News*.
 Hojack—What a chatterbox Miss Frocks is. Tomdick—Yes, her conversation is geared pretty high.—*Detroit Free Press*.
 "How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust!" "Yes, especially if he doesn't ask you to trust him."—*Chicago Record*.
 "Oh, Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure, I did, mum; it was quarter-past eleven."—*Bangor News*.
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Sappington—I once came within an ace of making \$500. DeQuincy—How so? Sappington—It was a game of poker; what I needed was the ace of diamonds.—*Judge*.

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"Why, Julia, how the waist of your frock smells of tar." "Yes, mamma; poor Mr. Ratlines of the Naval Reserve has been bidding me good-by again."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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A Toast.

There are all kinds of mixtures to tickle the taste

Of the man who has always the price. Who when morn brings a headache can ring up with haste

And get a gin fizz in a trice; But here's to the mixture for men who are broke.

Although it may not seem as nice It's a god-send to all impecunious folk. The mixture of water and ice.

When palate is cracking and pores all agape Like a sponge that has never been moist. When your motion for something to put you in shape.

Has been given a six months' hoist: When all you can get without putting up cash Is the bar keep's unasked for advice.

There is some consolation in making a dash For the pitcher of water and ice. Woodbine, May, '98.

J.

HEAD A MASS OF SCABS

A Hotelkeeper's Wife Suffered the Tortures of Eczema for Nine Years.

Quickly Cured by Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. Joseph Querin, wife of the popular proprietor of the hotel at Ethel, Ont., writes as follows under date of June 10, 1897, regarding Dr. Chase's Ointment:

"I have been troubled with Eczema of the head and face for about nine years, and was so bad at times that I could not go near the hot stove to do my cooking, and had to hire a cook, and my head was one mass of scabs. I was treated by doctors, and kept getting worse, and at last started to use patent medicines, which proved to have no effect. I was about discouraged when, hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I thought I would try it, and to my surprise found the first application did me good. I used one box, and found myself getting better; got two boxes more, and now can do all my own cooking, and would not begrudge \$200 for what Chase's Ointment has done for me. I would advise all who are troubled with similar diseases to give it a trial. I always have a box in the house, and use it for everything."

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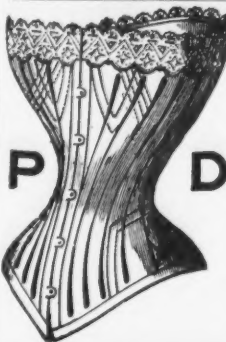
J.

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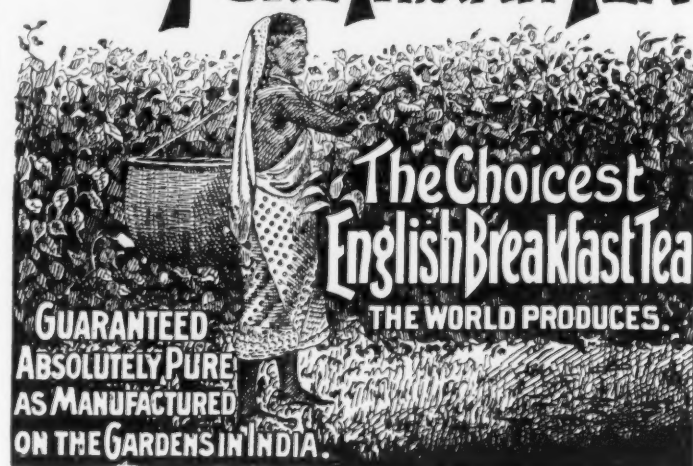
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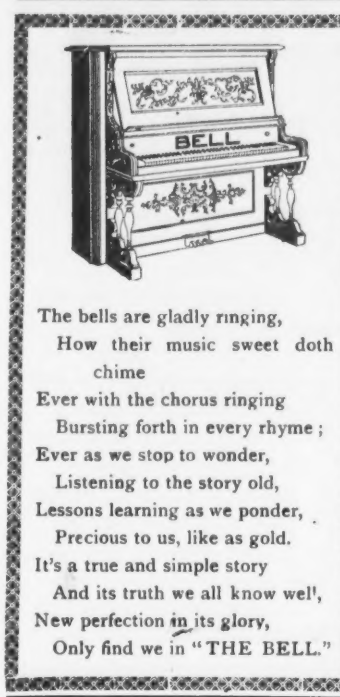
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Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

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Whimsical fashion renders useless often many a useful article of wear—were it not that you have these works to fall back upon. We give new value to coat or dress by dyeing it the fashionable color—and the charge is reasonable.

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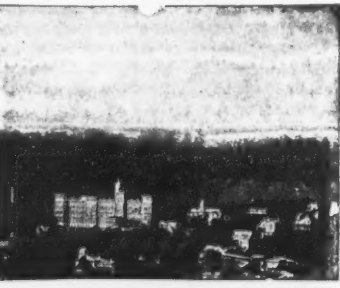
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PUREST AND BEST Windsor Salt

THE WINDSOR SALT CO. LIMITED WINDSOR, Ont.

CURED TO HAY FEVER

CURED. Dr. HAYES, Berlin, N.Y.



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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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The Drama.

THE Cummings Opera Company have this week repeated their success in filling the Princess at every performance, the attraction being in this case Erminie. Erminie was in its day the most popular comic opera on the boards. I can remember the time when if you were to pop your head out of the bedroom window at midnight you would hear the policeman on the beat whistling the soldiers' march; a boy, who should have been snug in his little cot, singing a parody on the lullaby, and a cornet two blocks away spasmodically attempting to gurgle. "And the band will play a waltz and minuet." If that isn't a sure sign of popularity in an opera I hope a really popular one will never strike this town. The only drawback to the present revival is the dread that we shall have a new crop of this sort of thing. It is a great pity that a pretty tune is spoiled by repetition. Why can't one go on admiring it and loving it though it is being murdered every day? It is not the music's fault if it is mangled, and sympathy at least should prevent us from closing our hearts against it. Erminie gives Mr. Solomon a chance to "do his darndest" in the character of Cadeaux, the little thief, the part which he himself created. Mr. Wilkie as his companion proves to be quite equal to the requirements of making himself ridiculous when it is necessary, and if anyone desires anything more excruciating than the duet and dance of the two vagabonds in the first act must have a stronger constitution than mine is. Mr. Blake, who was also associated with the original production of the opera, has the tenor part as Eugene, and his popularity, especially with that part of the audience that now so generally sits with its hat in its lap, is steadily increasing.

Dan McCarthy in his "latest success" is at the Toronto this week. As we have criticized this popular actor every year since the beginning of the present era and described the plot of his latest success last season, I will content myself with reproducing what two daily papers say about the first night's performance. The *Mail* and *Empire* said:

"If Ireland had or has nothing else to complain of than the treatment meted out to her by the ordinary trans-Atlantic play-wright her grievance in this respect alone would be a serious one indeed. This was once again illustrated in a piece called *My Dear Old Irish Home*, produced at the Toronto Opera House before an audience neither large nor enthusiastic. All the old threadbare themes are revamped, and the people are so accustomed to it and so tired of it that naturally the response was moderate. . . . We beg to suggest that the title *Our Dear Old Irish Home* is too much of a mouthful for these times when short smart titles are the vogue, and we think that Tommy Rot would be more easily rolled off the tongue and much more appropriate."

The *Globe* said:
"There was a reunion of old friends at the Toronto Opera House last evening. Dan McCarthy, ever popular in this city, drew a large audience. . . . He was greeted with enthusiastic applause and kept the audience in good humor during the whole evening. . . . The audience was thoroughly in sympathy with the show, which is one of the best of its kind."

I need only add that I heartily concur in the unanimous opinion expressed by our contemporaries.

Miss Anna Held, who has been much advertised in various ways of late, is delighting the natives with the French style of thing at the Grand this afternoon and evening.

The New York dramatic season is now on the wane. The *Daily Stock Company*, the *Empire Company*, and the *Lycium Company* are all on tour.

Wilson Barrett has been doing a phenomenal business in Australia with *Virginia*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *The Manxman* and *Othello*.

The *Geisha*, which was so popular in London, New York, and Toronto, met its Waterloo in Paris, having proved a complete failure.

The *Highlanders* tendered Mr. Harry Rich a successful benefit performance of *One of the Best* on Monday night at the Grand.

The Toronto Opera House have billed Cole and Johnson's Trip to Countown Company for a return visit next week.

Thomas W. Keene comes to the Grand for the last three nights of next week in legitimate drama.

The Cummings Opera Company will put on the nautical comic opera, *Billee Taylor*, next week.

The Grand began the week with *One of the Best* and closed it with Anna Held.

Rose Coghlan is to follow the example of Louise Thordyke Boucicault, Felix Morris, Maurice Barrymore, Johnstone

Bennett, and other exponents of the "legitimate," and will appear on the vaudeville stage during the summer in Nance Oldfield. It is reported that she will draw the largest salary yet paid to any vaudeville performer.

The Jockey Club Races.

ONE well known horse from the Seagram stable will not carry the yellow and black at the coming meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. The chestnut stallion, *Connaisseur*, a candidate for the Toronto Cup race, is lame, and the veterinary surgeons are puzzled to know what the trouble is. One thinks it is in the shoulder, another in the knee, and another attributes the horse's lameness to some disease of the hoof. At all events he pulls up stiff after every trial, and it has been deemed inadvisable to send him along. *Havoc* and *Tragedian* are still left for the cup contest, and the son of *Himyar* looks fit to win it.

Stonemason, now over ten years old, is as fresh as any horse at the stable. The other day, with good weight up, he made a mile on the old roller-coaster track at Little York in 1:48. Ben Ino and Dalmoor will be the most dangerous representatives from the stable in the Queen's Plate race, and in her present condition and her form last year, the mare should be able to lower the record for that much-talked-of event.

Dumfries, David Boyle's grand province-bred, looks to be her only dangerous rival at present. He runs impressively in all his trials and is always hard held. It is easy for him to run a quarter through the stretch at Woodbine in 25 seconds, with the boy tugging at his mouth.

There were never so many steeple-chasers hereabouts, but some of them are very bad jumpers, notably *Gainer*, who tries to walk through every obstacle that confronts him. To see him getting over the club-house bank is like watching a boy stealing into a baseball match. Among the good "leppers" are *Roseberry*, *Minnie Lightfoot*, *Sir Andrew*, *Irrington Prize* and *Springal*. All of these horses will be heard from at the coming meeting.

The number of applications for stalls from United States horsemen is enormous, and Secretary Frazer is kept hustling to find accommodation. J. O. Gray will be here from Washington with ten, including *Old Saugus* and the *Woodstock Plate* entry, *Alice Farley*. *Randolph*, *Bennington* & *Gardiner*, E. H. *Hannah*, W. C. *Hayes* and *Adam Beck* all have large strings, and every new horseman to arrive reports that carloads of thoroughbreds are following him. There is every probability that all previous records will be broken by the race meeting which commences next week.

JOHN F. RYAN.

Sporting Comment.

THE policy of the Toronto this year is to say little and do much. In former years the season's team and the season's prospects have been talked up to the bursting point and sometimes the results have not wholly justified the advance agent's assertions. This year, realizing that even a "sure thing" may be injured by hard "touting," they are acting on the principle that actions speak louder than words, and the appearance of the team on the field will be the strongest card the club has played for many a day. Instead of being divided against itself the senior lacrosse element of the city is united against the eastern clubs. On May 21 the team will appear in its new-found strength and array the combination against *Varsity* at *Rosedale*. The following week the championship season is opened in Montreal with the *Shamrocks*. The best of the team from the point of view is that it will nearly all be composed of native Torontonians. The town is about ripe for winning lacrosse and we seem likely to get some of it. Here are the names of the players who are in training, and it will be seen at a glance that a stronger twelve than Toronto has had for many years can be put in the field: Allan, Wheeler, McGibney, Davis, Yorke, Grimes, Gamble, Reid, Peaker, Moran, Burns, McVey, German, MacDonald, Querrie, and Griffiths if the A. A. A. of C. re-instates him, which will no doubt be done.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has attracted a great deal of attention in Australia, the girls trying to mash him as they sometimes do with a pretty actor. At Sydney he received no end of scented notes, and from one of these dropped a diamond pin, which the Prince at once presented to one of the hotel waiters. At Melbourne he backed *Rat-a-Tat* in a race at 4 to 1 and cleared \$100. He sent word around that if the jockey would call on him he would give him a tip, and at the appointed time a man appeared and received \$25. A few minutes later the real jockey arrived, and on the facts coming out Ranji put up another five.

Summing It Up.

For Saturday Night.
A wilful maid,
A parent's wrath,
And Sam, a gallant fellow,
Steps in between—
"Leave go of that!"
The journals, how they yellow!
A slaughtered bark,
A call to arms,
Then war like blazing hell!
And now we wait
To see the end—
Which side goes home to bellow.

BUZZ.

Bernard Shaw Explains.

MR. BERNARD SHAW, who has in his time girded at so many novelists, musicians and playwrights, impartially girds at himself in the preface to his recent collection of *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*. We quote a part of what he there writes: "There is an old saying that if a man has not fallen in love before forty, he had better not fall in love after. I long ago perceived that this rule applied to many



MR. PAUL HAHN, 'CELLIST.
Whose Recital will be given in Guild Hall,
McGill Street, next Monday Evening.

other matters as well: for example, to the writing of plays; and I made a rough memorandum for my own guidance that unless I could produce at least half a dozen plays before I was forty, I had better let play-writing alone. It was not so easy to comply with this provision as might be supposed. Not that I lacked the dramatist's gift. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and finding pretexts for theatrical scenes between them. But to obtain a livelihood by this insane gift I must have conjured up as to interest not only my own imagination, but that of at least some seventy or a hundred thousand contemporary London play-goers. To fulfil this condition was hopelessly out of my power. I had no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroes. As an Irishman I could pretend to patriotism neither for the country I had abandoned nor the country that had ruined it. As a humane person I detested violence and slaughter, whether in war, sport, or the butcher's yard. I was a Socialist, detesting our anarchical scramble for money, and believing in equality as the only possible permanent base of social organization, discipline, subordination, good manners, and selection of fit persons for high functions. Fashionable life, open on indulgent terms to unencumbered "brilliant" persons, I could not endure, even if I had not feared its demoralizing effect on a character which required looking after as much as my own. I was neither a sceptic nor a cynic in these matters: I simply understood life differently from the average respectable man; and as I certainly enjoyed myself more—mostly in ways which would have made him unbearably miserable—I was not sullen over our variance.

Judge, then, how impossible it was for me to write fiction that should delight the public. In my monage I had tried to obtain a foothold in literature by writing novels, and had actually produced five long works in that form without getting further than an encouraging compliment or two from the most dignified of the London and American publishers, who unanimously declined to venture their capital upon me. Now it is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing, provided it is a novel at all, and not merely an ineptitude. It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing, but I doubt if this was the case with mine. I might indeed have consoled myself by saying with Whately, "These silly people don't know their own silly business."

After recounting other sorrowful experiences, Mr. Shaw adds: "It was at this bitter moment that my fellow citizens, who had previously repudiated all my offers of political service, contemptuously allowed me to become a vestryman—me, the author of *Widowers' Houses*! Then, like any other harmless useful creature, I took the first step rearward. Up to that fateful day I had never stopped pumping to spoon up the spilt drops of my well into bottles. Time enough for that when the well was empty. But now I listened to the voice of the publisher for the first time since he had refused to listen to mine. I turned over my articles again; but to serve up the weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty!—no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming before me as an agricultural laborer sees the work-house. So I said, 'I will begin with small sins: I will publish my plays.'

The Art of Dental Torture.

"HOW are you?" said I to Narroway this morning.
"How do I look?" asked he in reply.
"Pretty nice," said I.
"Well I'm not," said he. "I'm half starved."
"How's that?" I asked.
"I've been only able to eat on one side of my mouth for two years," said he.
I said I was surprised to hear it.
"Fact," said Narroway. "For two years I've been in terror of striking a nerve in a back tooth, and life has been a one-sided affair ever since."
"Why don't you get it filled?"
"I'm scared," said he.
"Nonsense," I said.
"No sir," said he. "I had a tooth filled once, and I know what I'm afraid of. 'Lay your head back here,' said the dentist. It was a comfortable position, and I did what I was told. The dentist's chair is ahead of the barber's as a luxurious torturing contrivance. He began prodding with a spike in my tooth. I was on the *qui vive* lest he should ram the thing through into the nerve, but it didn't seem to bother him any. After a while he dragged a long-legged arrangement with a wheel and a long tube over to the chair.

I, lying helplessly on my back, by squinting down my nose could see him adjusting some kind of a gimlet to the end of the tube. He started to work the wheel with his foot on a treadle like a sewing-machine's. Then he seized the tube arrangement and came at me. It was a combination of diamond-drill and buzz-saw and geared to a million. I took a big breath and grasped the sides of the chair, while he started in to bore a hole through my head. I resolved to let him go on and bear it, and if the result was fatal I would trust to my friends to revenge me. Suddenly I felt an agonizing shock. He had been pressing the fiendish apparatus deep into my jaw and had touched a vital spot. With a shriek I seized his hands.

"The buzz-saw stopped. 'Hurt?' said he. I was too weak to reply at first. 'Will it take long?' I asked. I wanted to know how long I had to live. 'I'll have to kill the nerve,' said he. 'It won't take much more of this to shatter the whole system,' I said.

"I went back to him six different days before he finished that job, and then I found that he had fixed a tooth that had never hurt at all. I didn't say anything about it, though. 'You've got things down pretty fine now,' I said, as I gave him a five dollar bill. 'It's only of late years that dentistry has become an art,' said he as he handed me back fifty cents change."

S. H.

Defensive.

They say "Forget," but do they know,
Who ask so great a thing,
That Love is not a Winter's snow,
To melt away in Spring?
They say "Forget," she loves thee not,
Forget for very shame,
And yet twice shamefoller, God wot,
To smirch love's constant name.
They say, "Forget, and not repine;
The world has more than one."
Though heaven's stars in thousands shine,
There's but a single sun.
They say, "We cannot pity thee;
Thou'rt less a man than boy."
I cry, "Withhold your sympathy,
But envy me my joy."

And she herself repeats, "Forget;
'Tis vain, a needless pain."
I say, "Dear heart, I love thee yet,
And love is never vain."
Oh! love is not a selfish thing
To barter back and forth;
'Tis selfless awakening—
God's gift of nameless worth.

Toronto, May, 1898. GLEN ESTERLING.

The Origin of Privateering.

PRIVATEERING, as, of course, all are aware, is the practice of sailing armed vessels owned and officered by private persons, but acting under a commission from the State, which authorizes them to cruise against the commerce of an enemy. A commission of this description is usually called a "letter of marque," a term derived from a procedure on land, which grants license to cross a boundary (mark) and commit reprisals.

A privateer has been called a "licensed marauder," and, in fact, he is only very slightly removed from a pirate. A privateer without a license from the State would be liable to the charge of piracy. Before Europe was possessed of her present naval systems, various States were accustomed to impress merchant vessels in time of war; and private parties also engaged in warfare upon the high seas, either in their own vessels or at the public expense. There were also free plunderers, who hired public vessels and sailed them with crews and outfits of their own; but it was not until the end of the sixteenth century, in the middle of the war with the Netherlands, that letters of marque began to be issued. King William of Orange was the originator of privateering, and Spain promptly retaliated in the same manner. The French adopted privateering in 1655.

There is no doubt about the advantage of privateering on the part of a nation

with a small navy at war with another country which possesses a large commercial marine. The United States had this advantage, for example, during the war of the Revolution. At the same time Benjamin Franklin, in his correspondence with the English authorities, declared that although the practice of privateering may be incidentally beneficial, yet "it is a remnant of piracy, and is far from being profitable to all engaged in it, or to the nation that authorizes it." He claimed that farmers, fishermen and merchants should not be molested by enemies even in times of war; and his doctrine was incorporated in the treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which he drafted. This treaty provided that neither of the contracting parties should issue any commission to any private armed vessel against the other, empowering them to take or destroy its trading vessels, or to interrupt commerce. But this treaty expired in 1799, and the privateering clause was not renewed.

Among American statesmen who have approved of privateering may be mentioned Thomas Jefferson, whose influence undoubtedly fostered the practice in the 1812 war. Congress declared war June 18, 1812, but two months and a half before that date there was a list of eighteen privateers already fitted out at Baltimore, and by October 15 there were twenty-six from New York. In 1824 the United States urged Great Britain to abolish privateering, but this was not acceded to, and when the powers agreed to it in 1856, the United States offered an amendment which the powers refused to allow.

When the Confederate States granted letters of marque and reprisal, England, after a long debate in the House of Lords, May, 1861, declared that no Southern prizes might be carried to British ports. The French, on the other hand, announced that privateers might enter their ports with prizes which they could not sell, and that such privateers should remain only twenty-four hours. When the Confederate privateer *Savannah* was captured, its crew were tried as pirates, but the case fell to the ground, as being untenable. This result, of course, left the seas open to privateers, and few opportunities to capture big prizes were lost. Nor are they likely to be now, if Spain resorts to the practice.

Dan Godfrey's Band.

IN a fortnight's time the people of Toronto and Ontario will be listening to the stirring music of the finest band in the world, as the London press calls Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his band. In the leadership of the music of the British Army Dan Godfrey has for many years remained absolutely unapproachable. As a very young man, just twenty-two, he was appointed in 1856 bandmaster of the first infantry regiment in Her Majesty's service, the Grenadier Guards. His first public appearance was when he played the victorious troops home from the Crimea, and since that time Godfrey's music has played a leading part in all the great occasions and triumphs of the British nation.

Dan Godfrey himself is one of the most popular men in England, and honors and distinctions have fallen fast upon him; these are not only a tribute to his eminence as a musician, but to his splendid qualities as a man. Notable among these are the silver service and the scroll given him by two hundred and fifteen officers and ex-officers of the Guards, the Founders' Jewel of the Household Brigade Lodge, and gifts from the Queen, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

The photograph is a reproduction of a sportive cartoon by Spy, the famous artist of *Vanity Fair*. Dan Godfrey and his men will be in Toronto for three performances at the Armouries on Monday evening, Tuesday afternoon and evening, May 30 and 31, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles.



LIEUT. DAN GODFREY.

By "Spy," in *Vanity Fair*.

The Boy at the Wars.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, writing in *Harper's Bazar*, says that whatever the world may think, or whatever individual citizens of the United States may think, war is declared and now the ranks must close up for the duty of self-defence. Previous opinions of individuals no longer count.

Those ranks will be filled at first by the young and ardent who simply wish for opportunity or excitement; then it will include those more deliberate and perhaps more unwilling; then those who are unemployed or mercenary. The public will not distinguish, nor, indeed, will posterity, very clearly between these, yet the difference is great. At first, when our young soldiers go away in health and joy, we shall think but lightly of their chances of injury or death; we shall have a feeling that they at least will be safe, that this cup will be spared us, however it may be held to the lips of others; our darlings will return to us with added wisdom and experience, and no real harm. This will make the earlier months of the war less anxious, but it is something which cannot last. Soon, too soon, there will be groups gathered before the newspaper offices reading lists of names—the dark outcome of some battle, some explosion, some outbreak of fever. A moment may come when the presence of a single name on that list will signify more to some of us than all the world beside. After that, victory may come and go, hope may rise or fall, nations may be crushed or saved, but for them the die is cast. Henceforth they will have only the stern security of having known the worst. They can say for the future, as Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, said in the profoundest of dirges:

We fear no ills, no foes,
Though they surround us.
Pass on, thou cloud of many woes!
The worst has found us.

Let us hope that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the time of peril may be short, and that comparatively few may have to undergo that supreme sorrow.

It was the literal and unimaginative Duke of Wellington, who, when asked by a lady what a victory was like, replied: "The saddest sight in the world, madam, except a defeat."

Opening Yankee Eyes.

London Spectator.

The war will reveal to the American people a fact of which they have hitherto been strangely ignorant—namely, that it is not England, but the Continent, which dislikes the United States and is their real enemy. Whenever we have had trouble with the Union, the Continental Powers have appeared to "back" America, but rather with the idea of making mischief, and so preventing that agreement between the two branches of our race which they so greatly dread, than from any real friendliness to the States. This attitude has hitherto deceived America. It will hardly do so in the future.

Flying Squadron's Commander.

Commodore W. S. Schley, who has been placed in command of the *Flying Squadron*, will be looked to for good service. Since his long service in the Civil War his career has been filled with activity. He was present with the *Benicia* during the Korean friction in 1871 and 1872. In 1884 he successfully conducted the Greeley relief expedition to the Arctic, and commanded the *Baltimore* in 1892, when some of her crew were attacked by Chilians in the harbor of Valparaiso.

"We are Ruined by Heathen Chinese."

Almonte Times.

A Prescott man who has an agency for a Toronto laundry, heads his local in the last issue of one of that town's papers: "Get your work done by a Christian." He is evidently making a drive at the Chinese laundries.

His Unlucky Number.

Indianapolis Journal.

King Alfonso—I wish to thunder my ancestors hadn't tacked that XIII. on to me.

Pompous and wealthy distiller (to his partner)—I say, Jones, what name shall I give to my new mansion—Stanley Hall or Darnley Hall? Jones—Call it Alcohol. —*London Graphic*.

"By George, I haven't been able to sleep nights since this war talk began." "Why? You're too old to be drafted, aren't you?" "Yes, but the captain of our militia company owes me \$250." —*Chicago News*.

The *Vancouver World* in striking at Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Mackenzie Bowell revives the saying of Lord Chesterfield: "Trelawny and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

Mrs. Brown.—I see in the paper that they won't allow any man to enlist who can't read and write the English language. Mr. Brown.—Write the English language! Gracious! Are they only going to take college professors and a few literary men? —*Bazar*.

"Oh, it's all very well for you girls to talk!" said Archie. "We fellows are the ones who will have to suffer in war. You won't run any risks." "Oh, won't we?" said Polly. "How about when we go in bathing next summer, with the harbors full of mines and torpedoes and things? What do you suppose would happen if we stepped on one?" —*Bazar*.

"How shall I date this despatch?" asked one of the subordinates in the telegraph room of the *Daily Yellow Journal*. "How is it dated now?" enquired the chief telegraph-editor. "London," replied the subordinate. "Then let the date-line read, 'On board the *Daily Yellow Journal's* Despatch-boat in the Thames River, via London.'" —*Chicago Evening Post*.

A Platonic Friendship.

THEY were chatting over a cup of coffee in the drawing-room at Fernbank, whence sounds of music and laughter had been floating all evening. The clock striking the hour made Douglas Kavanagh jump to his feet.

"Twelve o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Ah, Mrs. Carruthers, you always were a witch for making the hours fly. It has been like old times to be with you all again," he added, shaking hands as he bade them good night.

Gwen accompanied him to the door and, as had always been her wont, walked down the path to the garden gate. Her eyes were shining like two great stars, and the deep flush on her cheek betokened excitement. It seemed, indeed, to Gwen, that she had never been so happy before in her life. The reason was that, after a two years' absence abroad, Douglas Kavanagh was home once more. She was fond of Douglas.

They had grown up and gone to school together, these two, and one missed the other when they were separated. To Gwen the last two years had seemed the longest in her life. But to-night the past was forgotten, the future all unthought of, and she was living—intensely living, in the present. They had reached the gate.

"Gwen," he said—it was the old pet name she loved—"I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Douglas?" Her voice was soft as summer twilight.

"Well," and he paused, smiling, a far-away look coming into his eyes, "it is this: Edith has promised to be my wife."

For a moment she could not find her voice, and a mist seemed to darken everything before her eyes. But only for a moment, and then she frankly held out her hand. If her lips trembled slightly he did not notice it, for the brave eyes met his unflinchingly as she said with her swift, sweet smile, "Congratulations, Douglas, and I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you, Gwen; I knew you would be glad. But"—after a pause—"aren't you surprised?"

"Yes."

He laughed. "My admiration of Edith was one of the things I kept even from you, Gwen, to whom I have always told everything. I loved her before I ever went away, but I held aloof because I thought I had no chance. I thought she was engaged to Ferrers, you know."

"Did you meet her in Germany?"

"Yes. We were at the same hotel in Leipzig for a month. One night when I came home from the library Hession—that's my room-mate—was all excitement over a 'beautiful English girl' who had just arrived with her mother. When they came down to tea, lo and behold, it was Edith and Mrs. Glendon!"

"What a charming surprise!" laughed Gwen.

"Yes, and then—oh, well—then somehow it all came right."

"I am so glad," she whispered bravely. She was for his sake.

"Is Mrs. Glendon better, and are they coming home soon?" she asked. "Edith is such a poor correspondent—I've lost track of them lately."

"Mrs. Glendon is quite well again, and they are coming back next month. Till then our engagement is to be kept quiet. But of course I tell you, Gwen. Oh, Gwen, Gwen!" he added impetuously, "did ever a fellow have a friend like you?"

"A good friend!" she echoed, with a break on the last word that sounded suspiciously like a sob. She turned it into a little laugh.

Presently she heard him saying good night, and she watched him disappear in the darkness. She turned in slowly. The light had all gone out of her face, as it had forever from out of her life.

Three months later a little party stood on the station platform to see Gwendoline Carruthers off to New York. Her altered life was more than she could bear, so she was going away—away to be a nurse. "Just for a little while," she thought, "till I get used to it all, and then I'll be brave and come back again."

Everybody was surprised, but looked upon it merely as a caprice of which she soon would tire. No one attached any other significance to her sudden departure, for Gwen Carruthers had never been the girl to wear her heart on her sleeve.

Among the number who came to wish her *bon voyage* were Douglas Kavanagh and his betrothed. "Well, you silly little thing," laughed Miss Glendon, kissing her lightly on each cheek, "we will give you just a week to get tired of your nursing and come back to your tennis and fun."

"Edith is right, Gwen," said Douglas, stretching forth his hand, "so not 'good-bye' but *au revoir*." He felt the small hand tremble as it lay for a moment in his, but the lips were smiling up at him "good-bye." When she was seated in the car someone lightly touched her shoulder. It was Guy Hamilton—Guy with the love for her shining so clearly in his honest gray eyes.

"I was afraid I was too late, the train is moving. God bless you, Gwen," he said. "Good-bye."

Then the train whistled and she was borne rapidly away from all she loved best on earth.

For the first few months bright letters, since they could not read between the lines, came from the little nurse. But one day instead of the letter addressed in Gwen's pretty odd characters came one in a strange cramped hand. "Miss Carruthers," it said, had been taken down with typhoid fever, although no serious results were feared. But later in the afternoon came a message flashed across the wires "come at once."

When her father reached the hospital Gwen was quite unconscious and as gently as possible they broke it to him that the young life was ebbing away. When he entered her room, strong man that he was, he knelt at her bedside and sobbed like a



Mrs. O'Leary—Shure it's foine yer lookin', Mary Ann, wid yer new store tathe. Mary Ann—An' bebad, Mrs. O'Leary, there's a quare thing about thim same tathe. What's me own I don't pay for; what aint me own, shure they cost me a heap o' money.

child. The fever was all past and her strength sapped away; she lay pale and motionless like a broken lily.

"Gwen," her father whispered brokenly, bending over her.

There was a slight quivering of the eyelids and then they gently opened. A joyous light sprang into the big brown eyes, and the old sweet smile trembled for a moment around the sensitive mouth.

"Father, dear father," she cried, putting one poor wasted arm around his neck.

The effort seemed to have been too much for her, for she sank back exhausted, murmuring, "I'm so tired." For a long while there was silence, and they thought she had again lost consciousness. But the lips moved once more with their last loving message. "Give my love to mother, and Dot, and—Douglas," she whispered. "Good-bye." Then, like a tired child going to rest, her head sank lower in the pillow, a faint, weary smile lingering on her face. There was a long silence, and even the watchers by the bedside scarcely knew when the tired soul had left its tenement of clay and slipped into the white radiance of eternity.

Back to the home she had left but six months before, they took her in her narrow bed. It was all over now—the pain and the strife and the yearning. The little sensitive heart had ceased to beat; the spirited, mobile face was quiet and the busy hands were at rest.

By chance there stood at the sides of her coffin, together, Douglas Kavanagh and Guy Hamilton—the man she loved and the man that loved her. But neither knew what was in the other's heart, and the dead could make no sign. And this is life, and life is love, and love is pain.

Hesper, May, '98.

The Tenant.

A Companion Picture to the Sketch of the Landlord in a Recent Issue.

SPEAKING of house renting and that sort of thing—as one cannot avoid doing at this time of the year—it may be said that there is no more unreasonable man in the world than the landlord, except the tenant. The tenant is easily the most unreasonable of men, although the fault is not entirely his own, for he is the victim, first of his habits and later of a dire spring malady that sweeps over Toronto and all the civilized centers. There is something in us corresponding with the desire that moves birds to build new nests in the spring, and if the tenant does not take a new house he must at least get something new to adorn

the old one. If he can neither move nor get something new he certainly cannot out-face his family when he is requested to demand that the landlord shall do something—anything at all so long as it is something that will present a different greeting to the eye. Thus, the tenant, although a very reasonable man at the outset, may seem to be and really prove to be a very unreasonable man indeed from the landlord's point of view.

The landlord is pleasantly requested to call and see if he thinks that he can re-paper the entire upstairs region. He points out that the paper is as good as new and can't be replaced. The tenant replies that he can soon render the walls unfit to be seen, but anyhow there should be a new walk laid down, as the slats are all breaking up, and if a new walk is put down he will manage with the old wall-paper for the present. The landlord knows that the tenant is being egged on by his family and must be appeased somehow in the end, but he refuses to lay a new walk, but he will put in a couple of new slats in place of the broken ones. The tenant briefly replies that the house is unfit to live in in its present state, and unless the landlord will have the plumbing repaired the family will move out at the first of the month.

This is supposed to end negotiations. The landlord sends a man to put up a notice "To Let" in the window, and the man is shown the state of the house by the indignant family. The "man" is a discreet person and agrees to telephone the landlord, and after much careful diplomacy it is arranged that the landlord will send men on the following Monday to paint the balcony and put some new slats in the roof where it leaked during the last thunder-storm. Thus peace is restored, the family is happy, and the tenant pursues his docile existence for another half-year.

Sometimes the tenant blindly sticks to his original demand, although usually he is satisfied with any kind of a concession which will show that he is getting something out of his landlord, like all the other tenants in the street—sometimes he will take nothing save that which he first thought of. If he is denied he will throw up the house and move into another that will cost him four dollars more per month, and call for a capital expenditure of \$300 for new carpets and furniture. From a position of comparative affluence he thus sinks almost to indigence, for he can no longer pay spot cash for all he buys. Suddenly he is made aware of the fact that he is a debtor—he owes money that he can't pay, and it may take him several years to get back to

Austerlitz.

New England Magazine.

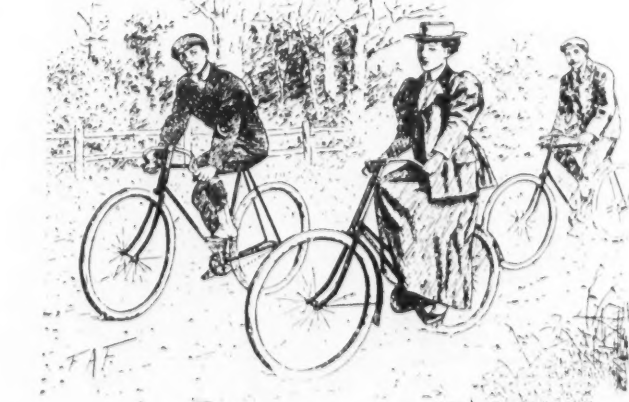
ON rolled the war, with its crimson tide, till the frontier was crossed; On pressed the mighty host through the snow and the biting frost. Black was the smoke of the camp-fire, a pillar of cloud by day; And at night a pillar of fire, that pointed their onward way.

But now that the hour had struck, and the sun of Austerlitz rose, Dead and forgotten their camp-fire sullied the pitiless snows. Like icicles glittered the bayonets kissed by the frosty morn; And the breath of the trumpet was frozen mist on the winds upborne; Aye, and the cloud of their breath enveloped both rider and steed;— Half-hidden, they seemed like a mythical army, of giant breed!

A feast of swords for the Northern gods and a revel mad, Till Death was sated with victims, and raven and wolf were glad— With lightnings that mocked at the heavens, with thunders that babbled of hell, With the crash of shivering ice when torn by the bursting shell, With shrieks of the drowning whom sabre and cannon had spared as yet, And now, to the foes of Napoleon, the Austerlitz sun had set!

But there in the snow, with his face upturned and a sightless glance,— There lay the boy whom his mother had kissed, and given to France; And there lay the father whose children should climb never more to his knee, And the veteran bronzed in long-ago battles by land and by sea. O, Man of Destiny, look! They have paid their fealty's debt! The night—and thy thoughts, to thee, now Austerlitz' sun has set.

S. R. ELLIOTT.



He—Oh, I say! here comes that chap, Prettyboy! She—Well, what of it? Oh, you know. Two's company, three's none! Well, I'll tell you what! If we want you to leave us, I'll give you a hint by ringing three times!—Fun.

the position where he can hold a ten-dollar bill in his hand and say to the world: "There is no man on earth who can stand up and say that I owe this to him." And what brought him low? Precisely and simply an insane craving to see the landlord (or his man) working around the house with his coat off, doing something to show that he realized that his tenant was the best tenant in the world. There are cases on record of tenants who, because their landlords would not replace broken cellar-windows, have given up house and home and gone forth to find new nests, spending the value of a thousand windows in new fixings for new houses.

The tenant nearly always thinks that he is paying two dollars a month more for his house than it is worth. He has an idea that the man next door does not pay as much, but that he curries favor with the landlord and won't admit that he gets his house cheaper. Two tenants, side by side, hold this idea at one and the same time, and although they ostensibly quarrel because their children have squabbles, the real difficulty is that each tenant thinks that he pays too much rent, and that the other has a secret understanding with the landlord. There is also another mean streak in the tenant. If he persuades his landlord to spend some money on repairs, he cannot rest content until he tells all his neighbors about it, and they grow dissatisfied and assail their landlords for like favors, or rights as they call them. In this way one mean tenant, if he have a generous landlord—and the meaner the tenant the better his luck in picking a landlord—may demoralize a whole street, neighborhood, or ward, and cause thousands of dollars to be spent in unnecessary decorations and repairs, besides causing dozens of families to move away dissatisfied because their landlords would not engage artists to put mural decorations on the walls of their bath-rooms. It is thus that modern society is honeycombed with a discontent that did not characterize our ancestors. It is only of late that I have begun to study the tenant, but already I have perceived that he is an unreasonable person.

The Old Soldiers.

The Attitude of the Men Who Had Once Seen War Face to Face.

IT has been very interesting to study the attitude of the old soldiers of the Civil War towards the present war with Spain. Standing off here in Canada we have had a chance to see that the old soldiers, as a rule, sided with President McKinley in the trying period when he seemed to be the only man in public life in the United States who did not want war. Of the seventeen senators who voted against one of the war resolutions, fifteen were, I think, old soldiers who knew from actual experience that even a successful war is a terrible thing. When McKinley was enduring a storm of abuse, Colonel Henry Waterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal pointed out that the lieutenant's attitude of the old soldiers of the Civil War towards the present war with Spain. Standing off here in Canada we have had a chance to see that the old soldiers, as a rule, sided with President McKinley in the trying period when he seemed to be the only man in public life in the United States who did not want war. 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Anecdotal.

Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, was noted for his bitter wit, for which, however, he had an excuse. "They told me I say ill-natured things," he once observed, in his slow, quiet, deliberate way; "I have a very weak voice; if I did not say ill-natured things no one would ever hear what I said."

Abdurhaman, Ameer of Afghanistan, believes in summary justice. Once in Kabul a beggar asked alms of him. "Did you ever work for a living?" asked the ruler. "Never, O Khan," the man replied, "I am a beggar." "Then," said Abdurhaman, "we can do without you," and forthwith directed that the beggar should be hanged.

An old lady from Oxford, Mich., who with her husband had spent the winter in California, was asked by one of her neighbors if she had heard an earthquake while in California. "Yes, I heard one," she answered, "and rather enjoyed it; for it was the first thing that happened since John and I have been married that he did not think I was to blame for!"

It was Father Ignatius, the "Monk of Lanthony," who once sarcastically remarked to an evening congregation who sang with great vigor a hymn in which occurs the line, "I give myself, my all, to Thee," that he had never heard the sentiment more expressively or heartily rendered, but what struck him principally was the fact that their "all," as represented by the collection at the morning service, did not amount to more than \$3.75.

Sir Frederick Carrington, now in charge of the military operations in Matabeleland, had a summary method of maintaining discipline among his unruly followers. When an offender was brought up before him, he would sit solemnly in court-martial, and the charge was recited. "Did you do it?" he would say. "Yes, sir," was the reply. It was not much good to say "No." "Oh, you did, did you? Then take that." Wherever Carrington would rise in his might and thrash the culprit until he considered him sufficiently punished.

It was at a murder trial at Fort Morgan, in Colorado, and Mr. Svenson was one of the jurors. The attorney for the defence asked him: "Mr. Svenson, what are your ideas on capital punishment and its abolition in this State?" "Das too much for me," replied Svenson, "get et to me an easier way." "Well, then, do you believe in capital punishment?" "Es mak no difference to ma var faller as hung, yust so skon-of-on get it. Vot difference es skal mak vedder hae hangin' at capital en Denver or at Fort Morgan?" The lawyer objected to his sitting on the jury, as a matter of course.

One of the stories that the late James Payn liked to tell was about what he called an American duel, wherein two duellists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself. A. was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. B. and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard, and

Wedding Note

We've all the stationery for the wedding—and we have all the experience of many years in preparing, printing and engraving the invitations and cards.

Showing this season some exquisite new note-paper.

Wm. Tyrell & Co.,
"The Bookshop,"
No. 12 King Street West.

they were shuddering with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: "Missed, by heaven!"

Two men were talking politics on the train between Toronto and Ottawa and expressed very emphatic disapproval of some of the appointments made by the Government. "It was simply ridiculous to appoint Dr. Coulter Deputy Postmaster-General," said one. "Perfectly absurd," assented the other. A stranger who sat in the other half of the seat genially remarked that he didn't suppose that a man required much ability to fill the office of Deputy Postmaster-General, that it called for energy and business intelligence only, and that "no doubt any one of us three could discharge the duties of the position better than some big gun who was tangled up in politics." "That's right, that's right," assented one of the other passengers, "but this man Coulter hasn't got ordinary sense—he's a regular mutton-head." "Oh, I don't know," said the stranger; "I suppose Dr. Coulter is about as intelligent as we are—in fact, I am Dr. Coulter, at your service, gentlemen." The party of three broke up in some embarrassment.

When Charlie Wilmut, who now has settled down on his big trout preserves at Credit Forks, had charge of the Canadian fish hatcheries, he went on one occasion to Wlartown and gave a lecture before a meeting of the fishermen of the peninsula on fish culture. He heard some startling opinions, traditions and superstitions advanced by some of the old fishermen in regard to fry, feeding grounds, etc., and when he arose to speak he said: "You men know all about how to catch fish, but you do not know anything about breeding them or keeping up the supply. You have never observed their habits at all, and I wish to induce you to take an intelligent interest in the great business in which you are engaged. Now, in support of what I have said, I venture to say that although you have spent your lives fishing, there is not a man among you who can tell me how many fins there are on a salmon trout." There was deep silence, and it appeared that the assembled fishermen were reduced to the necessary state of humility to receive expert advice, but, unfortunately for Mr. Wilmut, there was an Irish fisherman present, and he broke the silence: "No, sor; an' would ye moind tellin' us how many *tatthe* it has?" This floored the expert, and Mr. Wilmut promptly admitted that the laugh was on him.

Neurotics and Nagging.

An Author's Inspiration and an Actress's Collapse.

AN attack of the nerves is one of the accompaniments of the high pressure of to-day's living, and such an attack has come to be the anticipation of many an overwrought, overburdened woman at the end of the most wonderful century of development the world has ever known. The woman goes and goes, spendthrift of strength, drawing on her capital with determined prodigality, until some day her visions, her tremors, her weakness, scare her into sending off, post-haste, for her physician. He comes, glances at her faded tint, her strained lips and weary eyes, and packs her off to a private hospital or a sanitarium, where she is put to bed and coddled and massaged, and bathed and soothed, so that she may start off in recuperation on another campaign. All over the city are quiet, elegant and well-managed private hospitals, and they are always sure of support. It seems to me that Cuba is not the only thing to free. A slavery more blind, more unreasonable and more destructive stalks about our parlors, and its victims drag chains that all the art of the cruellest man has never equalled.

The most wearisome creature alive is the woman with a mission, which she thrusts before you in and out of season. It may be some very exalted personage who aims at great ends, or the lesser fry who won't have horses checked or docked, nor superannuated pugs and tabbies quietly despatched to the happy hunting-grounds. A home for old dogs and cats has always struck me as the great imbecility of charity. I cannot be sentimental over such an enterprise while anywhere an old man goes shivering or an old woman goes hungry. When the vigor and joy of living lacks to my four-footed friend I am ready to take his consent for granted and give him some chloroform promptly. In fact, there are times when I think that even my two-footed friends have a right to say, "Enough of torture," and to free themselves of certain hampering conditions. A month of agonized consciousness, alternating with opiates, has come to the lot of more than one who pitifully begged their physician to make the opiate conclusive, and it has seemed to me the sensible and justifiable thing to be done under the circumstances. But to return to the woman with a mission. Why is she generally such an obtuse and tactless person? She takes up her mission as if it were a battering ram or a fish-hook, and she pounds you with it and prods it into your tenderest flesh, and you protest and squirm, and if you are wise and can, you flee! There is a specimen of the mission lot who concerns herself with your spiritual welfare. Now there is nothing more angelic than the creature who, delicately psychic and perceptive, quick in sympathy and reserved in expression, broods over the world with unbounded love and solicitude; whose life is an unvarying incense of yearning to the greatest on behalf of all things both great and small; whose innate refinement and spirituality enclose even the unspoken sympathies within gracious bounds. If this creature be a man thousands love and revere him; if a woman, the world who needs such so badly may well kiss her feet. A great church adores her and is the better for the adoration. Mary, the queen of heaven, is our womanhood as

we may make it. But the woman who tells you she prays for you, with a tone in her voice that says, "And faith, I think you need it," the woman who confronts you with the enquiry, "Do you love the Lord?" much as a highwayman might hold up a stage; the woman who sighs and shakes her head and purses her lips and gets ostentatiously down on her knees on your behalf—well, she may be all reliable and in earnest, but my intuitions are in another direction. Among the many things which it is advisable each person should do for himself, I think praying stands first and foremost. Perhaps the idea that others will attend to it, in a sort of wholesale manner, keeps many an one from seriously tackling it himself. It is probably somewhat like the case of the man down street who sat smoking on his doorstep as his wife scurried off to church last Sunday. "Say a prayer for me, Mary," he called easily after her hurrying heels. I don't really think the burning of joss-sticks and the Ganges praying-mill, with its "tickers" of colored paper, are a whit more irrational than that. But, true to her traditions, Mary prayed, and John smoked, and you can see and hear the same thing about you every Sunday!

One needs to be alone to read certain books. In the atmosphere created by another entity there may be conflicting impulses, and these may rob you of the good you ought to get. That is why one cannot read certain books aloud; it is a desecration. On a very lonely evening lately I made acquaintance with the Kentucky Cardinal, not a church grandee as one might suppose, but a brilliant red bird of Kentucky forests. It is a book the like of which I have rarely read, and its sequel, *Aftermath*, touches on the quick. I felt a great impulse to write and thank James Lane Allen for them, but the impulse passed—it was insufficient, inadequate. Thanks do not meet the case. You who have written me intelligently about that other book, find yourselves some quiet corner when the city is asleep, and with the glow of the coals on one side and the moonlight streaming in the window on the other, read these exquisite things, and go to your quiet beds full to the brim of the conviction of what life may be when we have mastered the meaning of some of those things we are learning here. I think the purity and the beauty of *Aftermath* has never been excelled in my reading. Its atmosphere wafts from the mountain-tops of peace.

The other day I was talking with an actress, one of the women of whom the stage is scarcely worthy. "Would you let your daughter go into theatrical life?" I asked her. "Oh, yes, Bea might go on the stage. It wouldn't hurt her," she said thoughtfully. "You see, Lady Gay, you can't say a word for or against the stage for women. It depends so entirely upon the woman. Unfortunately the ordinary lot of actresses are not strong enough to confront the various strains, the hard work, the excitement, the falseness (I mean when they throw themselves into parts opposed to their natural bent). They go under, either morally or physically. Look at Julia Arthur. I believe she played Lady Clorinda, (a fake character and one of the lowest on the boards to-day), against her natural bent. She played it well, but it wrecked her. There is not a spark of uplifting inspiration in it. The character is a fake of the most blatant sort. The play is unclean. Osmond is a man of straw, with an accommodating standard of right and wrong, like most of the heroes women worship. There's my train. Good-bye!"

LADY GAY.

The Housewife's Circuit.

The vexatious servant-girl question has at last been solved, at least to the satisfaction of fifteen Binghampton women. They are the wives of clerks and small merchants who, owing to the hard times, are not able to keep a corps of servants; neither are they able to do their own housework. They have organized what is called the "Housewife's Circuit," each member contributing two dollars a week. This furnishes them with a chamber-maid, who comes in every morning and does the housework, and a cook, who calls and prepares the meals ready for placing over the fire, making the cooking process an ordinary and simple matter for the housewife. The sum thus realized allows the payment of eight dollars a week to the chamber-maid, twelve dollars a week to the cook, and five dollars a week to a woman who superintends affairs, sees that the customers are properly served, and makes collections. The plan has worked so well that it will doubtless be widely imitated.

Maltine with Cod Liver Oil. Remarkable results have been obtained from the use of Maltine with Cod Liver Oil in cases of emaciation associated with bronchial irritation and cough. The efficacy of cod liver oil in this class of affections has long been conceded, and combined as it is in this preparation with the maltine (itself a food and reconstructive of the greatest value), its usefulness is vastly increased. Furthermore, by the action of maltine starchy foods are more easily digested and in larger quantities, affording additional nourishment for the replacement of the waste of the body and for reconstructive purposes. If you are now using cod liver oil or any of the emulsions of this agent, weigh yourself, use Maltine for two weeks and observe the results. You will have gained both weight and strength, and relief from cough, bronchial irritation and the distress these occasions.

A Cross to Bear.

Not long back, his Majesty of Siam gave an Italian (for painting one of his wives from a photograph) "the Grand Cross of the Siamese Crown." It is a rather large order. "This cross," said his Majesty, graciously, "will entitle you to marry twelve wives. It is a distinction I seldom confer, so I hope you will make good use of it."

The Three Stages.

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure. For the second stage, it cures many. And for the last stages of consumption it soothes the cough and prolongs the life.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

PETITE SEUR.—It is one of the puzzles of my life how a character such as is suggested by your enclosure can interest a person like you. As to the card, I enclose it as requested, but must decline to delineate it for several reasons, principally, because it really isn't worth it. Your own writing is a treat, a fine study.

BILLY.—What do you want, a delineation? I think perhaps you'd better develop a character before setting me to work to discover it. Your writing isn't very informing on the subject. But you have nice tastes, a good temper, discretion, and a sensible head. Rather undue self-assertion, some adaptability and a sympathetic and gentle nature. That's really every bit I can find you.

LARRY R.—You are a hopeful and slightly ambitious soul, decided and determined, able to make the best of circumstances, easily influenced through your emotions and somewhat fond of *ces messieurs*. I wish you had not given your writing to blue lines. It cramps its individuality so much. You are refined, conscientious and full of snap, and have culture well marked. Perception is keen and manner should be bright and vivacious.

THE MOTHER.—I. You can get the book at the Public Library. I think the price in the shops is about \$1.50. Try at Bain's or Tyrrell's, and if they haven't got it they will send for it. 2. I answer you at once. No, I don't object to the display of millinery on Easter day; it's good for business and springlike, and there are worse things to do in sermon time than study your neighbor's bonnet. If the sermon is good you'll listen to it all right enough. 3. I have already delineated this writing, a year ago.

HELENE.—It is a most attractive hand, showing considerable imagination and dainty taste. You are not remarkably buoyant, but have wide enterprise and considerable genius for planning. How are you on decorations? I should fancy an artistic study would be pleasant to you. You are not, I fancy, quite the sort to go out and rub elbows with the world. There are suggestions of exclusiveness and conservatism about your lines. Careful and nice work I am sure you could undertake.

KATE L.—You are neither flighty nor staid; your spirit has chosen the *via media*. There is a great deal of force, constancy, decided aim and general strength in this study. It should be the writing of a fine and magnetic person; reasonable and certainly well able to argue. Inquisitiveness is not shown, but such an all-ative mind needs be enquiring. I should not be surprised if some family pride is yours. You are exact and methodical, like order and precision, and are careful in speech and action. I should trust you with a secret and expect it to be kept.

ISLETA.—I. I think *dulce carpitur* is good. It would be well to be called "sweet grasshopper." I think I'll try it on the ambassador if I get a chance. Poor gentleman from Albuquerque! 2. Your writing shows a rather easily influenced person, inclined to sentiment, gently persistent, and very amiable and easy-going. It is not a strong hand, and yet apt to win what it wants. Writer has an eye to the main chance, some love of humor, a pretty fancy, and a decidedly feminine nature. I have an idea you like beauty and an easy time. The character is not fully developed, I think.

AIRY FAIRY LILLIAN (Dunville).—1. There are several of you in the correspondence basket this year, so I give you a clue to your identity. In the first place, I shall be very glad to hear from you if you want to talk over any question of interest. The day of appeals for complexion beautifiers and eyelash coaxers has passed away for this column. Poor things, I was so unsympathetic. Your idea of my mental capacity made me turn my picture to the wall. Oh, go easy! 2. Your writing shows a generous, imaginative and somewhat over-enthusiastic nature. You are sometimes quite original in your methods, and not always as direct and decided as you might be in your ways. No great amount of logic is within your brainpan, but you're not at all devoid of bright perception and the woman's gift of intuition. You are conservative and loyal, and not particularly concerned over details. A strong and promising hand.

The Difference.

The Century.

What woman, when she loves her lover,
Falls, late or early, to discover
(Eternal problem of the sexes!)
The subtle difference which vexes
Her heart, dividing—*and* demur—
Her love for him from his for her?

She sees him more in love than she,
Even with him, can ever be;
Yet in his warm glow of passion
She sighs because, in woman's fashion,
She knows she loves—and it is true—
By far the better of the two!

P. LEONARD.

Conflicting Precepts.

Washington Star.

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "to always tell the truth?"
"Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."
"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find; but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning," the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Britain's "Tribute Money."

Penang Gazette.

Several years ago a large sum of money was sent out to China from England in relief of an appalling famine. But Dr. Wenyon of the Wesleyan mission related in a recent speech that he had discovered in Shantung a commemorative column, erected by the Government's authority, on which this British contribution was calmly set down as "tribute money."

A Medical Man's Opinion.

Medical Record.

Dr. Guido Baccelli of Rome, who was president of the Eleventh International Medical Congress, has published his views of the Spanish trouble. He thinks "Americans" are more to be dreaded than Chinese. The yellow race, he said, no longer

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menaces Europe, but there is actual menace from the United States, "where the expanding, absorbing Anglo-Saxon energy must grow and spread and ultimately overwhelm that part of European civilization which it does not renew. War with Spain is the beginning. Afterwards it will be a mere question of the survival of the fittest."

Britain Has Forgiven Much.

Bystander in Weekly Sun.

To turn our hearts against Spain she is upbraided with the Inquisition and the Armada. As well might the Americans be upbraided with the New England witch-burning and persecution of Quakers. With still more reason might they be upbraided with Southern slavery, the cruelties of which are not yet numbered with the past. There is history more modern than the Armada. On the fields of Spain the British and the Spaniards were fighting side by side against Napoleon in defence of the liberty of all nations, while the Americans were unhappily lending at the crisis the aid of their arms to the oppressor, and could they have crushed England as they are now crushing Spain, would have extinguished the liberties of Europe. Let by-gones be by-gones, and let us attend to the merits of the question now before us.

Queer Conduct of Lake Superior.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Vessel and marine interests are becoming much alarmed over the continued lowering of the waters of Lake Superior. The water is now down thirty inches from last year's level, and is of the same effect as though thousands of dollars' worth of dredging had not been accomplished. The low water is a direct loss to the vessel interests, as it prevents them loading their boats to their normal carrying capacity. The reason for this low water is not clear, and the old talk among vesselmen of the subterranean passage to Lake Huron is revived. This is furthered by the fact

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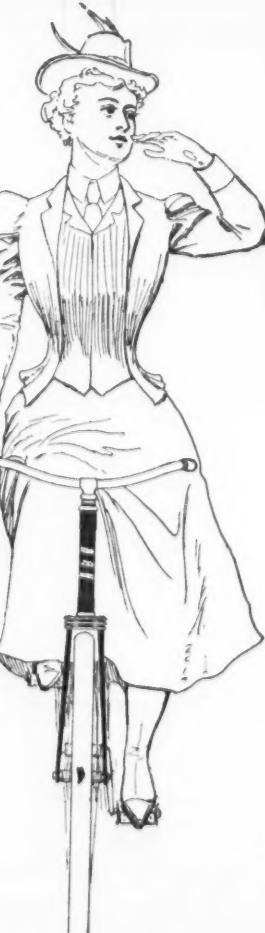
Branch Office—64 King St. West, Toronto

that the water in Lake Huron is correspondingly high, and it is not going down the St. Mary's River.

"Why is it, I wonder," mused Sagasta, "that those Americans are such dead shots?" "It must be their practice at the national game," suggested Gullon. "I've heard considerable about their putting the ball right over the plate."—*Philadelphia North American*.

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Studio and Gallery

It may be taken for granted that the Ontario Society of Artists has not deliberately, of choice, selected the month of May for its annual exhibition. Reasons which do not appear on the surface surely weigh with it, for the time of year is neither conducive to large attendance, great interest, nor satisfactory financial results. The furnishing of Government statistics at an appointed time probably explains the situation. Several gratifying features combine to make this year's display easily viewed and enjoyable. Each artist has been limited to a contribution of six paintings. It is needless to say that in every case, for various reasons, the full number has not reached the wall of the gallery. Why any artist should ever wish to repeat himself to the extent of twenty paintings in one gallery, at one time, all presumably good, and all painted inside of a year, is one of the mysteries of the art world. So that this year the representation is smaller. One's eyes, therefore, are not wearied with the multitudinous, incongruous array of forms and colors more suggestive of an auction-room than an art gallery. Again, instead of having, by wearisome search, to gather together and fit into shape the scattered anatomy of each individual artist in his works, to distinguish the man in the *total ensemble* of his contributions, we have here grouped together his whole effort, and we recognize the individuality of each artist and his particular talent. Any artist who, spontaneously and regularly, yearly submits his paintings to the ordeal of being hung in this gallery, must be buoyed up by strong internal convictions of some sort and is somewhat of a martyr. A low roof with a flood of light constantly streaming through it, now illuminating one with undesirable brilliancy

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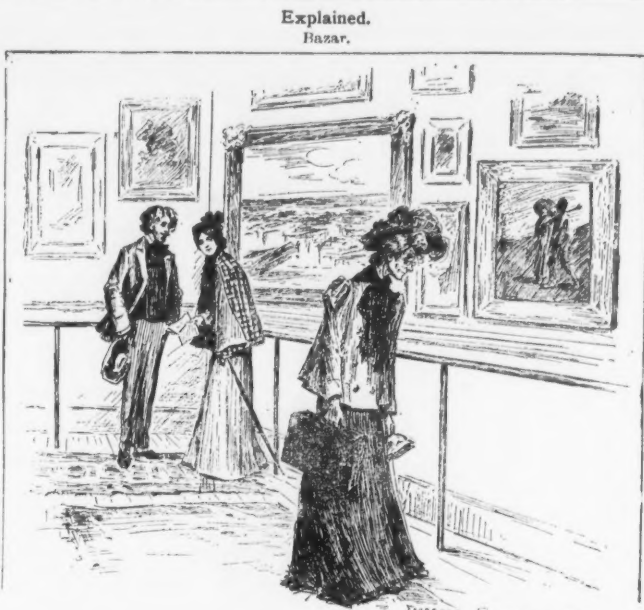
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He—How is it Miss Halfones never puts the date on any of her pictures?
She—Well, you see, last year she signed one Jane Halfones, '97, and someone
asked her why she put her age on her paintings.

and again casting it into shadow so that
no two visitors viewing it at different
times in the day would give the same ac-
count of it, is at least an unreliable
accessory to a successful art gallery.

The painting marked No. 1 in the cata-
logue will probably be passed by, by the
casual observer, with a glance as contain-
ing, perhaps, not much merit. Should
this same observer turn back when half-
way down the gallery and view it again,
he will probably come to the conclusion
that it contains much more than he
thought at first, and by the time he has
reached the door of the second room he
will, if he looks again carefully, be fully
persuaded that it is full of power, rich-
ness and forceful serenity. The portrait
of M. Matthews, by the same artist, is a
truly refined study, natural and easy in
posture, delightful in tone, clean and
vital. Those difficult subjects, the hands,
are so gracefully treated. Mr. Reid's
other work, his study of a head, and twi-
light effects, will be at once recognized as
the work of an artist. Rannoch Moor, by
J. S. Gordon, is tender in feeling, pleasing
in tone. The Siesta, by the same, filled
with variety of detail, which in no way
detracts from the value of the central
figure in white, which so faithfully con-
veys the sense of exhaustion, repays study.

E. Wylly Grier sends two portraits, one
of Mr. Robert Melvin and the other of Mr.
Hugh Ryan. We would like to be able to
describe this latter one, but space in this
paper is limited and the subject is a large
one.

F. M. Bell-Smith sends several aspects
of water, from the calm peaceful river to
the restless, heaving sea. Though we are
impressed with the value of the effort
made and its degree of satisfaction, we
love to recall to memory the words of
Ruskin on water: "To paint the actual
play of hue on the reflective surface, or to
give the forms and fury of water, when it
begins to show itself, to give the flashing
and rocket-like velocity of a noble cata-
ract, or the precision and grace of the sea
waves, so exquisitely modeled, though so
mockingly transient—so mountainous in
form, yet so cloud-like in motion, with its
variety and delicacy of color. . . . and
theradiating scintillating sunbeams mixed
with the dim hues of transparent depth
below—so do this perfectly is beyond the
power of man."

W. E. Atkinson's works are quite worth
viewing. A new note of power and a
more varied palette is discernible in them.
The Cool of the Evening and Near
Akon, Ohio, by F. McGillivray Knowles,
are not crowded with detail, carry the eye
well into the distance, are agreeable in
tone, and altogether pretty—much what
they are meant to be, the spirit of early
evening.

F. A. Verner's Twilight abounds in
poetical feeling and faithfully tells
the approach of night.

The skies yet blushing with departing light,
And the low sun has lengthened every shade.
The group by Miss S. S. Tully is
perhaps one of the most effective in the
gallery, containing as it does such variety
of subjects. A faithful account of the
facts of her subjects, with due prominence
to those facts which give most value to
her story, and a good arrangement of the
same, a sentiment which raises them
above the commonplace, and a delightful
appreciation of color value, characterize
her work.

Miss C. Farncomb has two good sub-
jects—a typical inmate of Home for the
Aged, and two dead pigeons, which we
hope were not slaughtered for the purpose
of painting. The soft tones of grays and
browns and the glint on the breast of the
male bird are very pleasing.

J. D. Kelly's breadth of treatment and
vitality of expression are very nice, even
if the water he paints is a trifle humpy.

Home Life by H. Spiers is very attractive
in coloring.

L. R. O'Brien gives his usual richness of
foliage, with its perceptible life; flat,
shimmering, glinting water, faithfully
reflecting the shadows; living rocks, and
all permeating sunlight.

Miss G. E. Spurr's collection conveys a
fair idea of what is perhaps most in demand
by the general public, viz., a subject com-
pleted, (for some paintings are only limited
by the frame); form and color, both fairly,
not violently, distinct; detail, not too
much; and a sense of light well diffused
or otherwise felt.

Mrs. G. A. Reid's roses and violets and
pansies contain a wealth of good coloring
and graceful arrangement.

C. M. Manly is another artist with whom
the intelligent purchasers seem to have a
fair understanding, which argues a kinship
of spirit, a touch of humanity which
makes men "brothers."

J. W. L. Forster's missionary scene
has already been described in this column.

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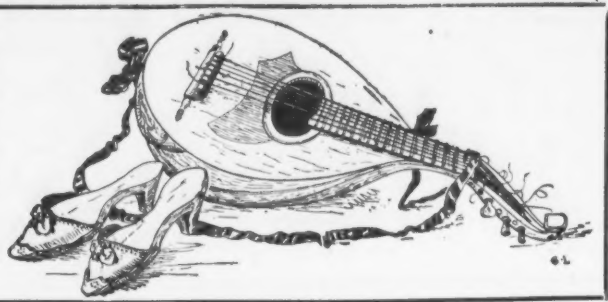
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MUSIC



The London, England, *Musical Herald* in commenting on the proposed Canadian business venture of the Associated Board of Examiners of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music says:—"In the Toronto Saturday Night the proposal of the Associated Board to extend its examinations to Canada. Mr. S. Aitken, the secretary of the Board, has been prospecting in the Dominion, and Canadian musicians want to know why, if Trinity College, Toronto, was not allowed to examine in England, the Associated Board should be allowed to examine in Canada. There is, we must confess, reason in this. Mr. Aitken has invited ridicule by writing a letter to the papers in which he speaks of 'philanthropy,' 'imperial federation,' and a 'missionary venture.' Canadians naturally resent this kind of thing. The fact of course is that the Associated Board, while its motives are of the best, is a highly lucrative concern for the professors, composers and publishers engaged. Australia and South Africa seem to have caught the examination craze. It must be left to public opinion whether Canada is to do the same, and if so whether its own Universities cannot undertake the duty of examining." It might be added that Canadian opposition to the proposed "examinations" of the Associated Board is not prompted so much by a desire to exclude on principle this and similar trans-Atlantic speculations, but rather by a feeling of disgust, not unmingled with amusement, at the ridiculously low standard of work which is to be exploited in Canada in the name of "art" and under a pretense of "advancing" our musical interests. Any scheme of examinations proposed by the Associated Board or any other responsible English examining body which would embody a higher standard than is already provided for by our Canadian institutions, would, I believe, be welcomed here. The plan of campaign, however, which is to be conducted in Canada by the Associated Board is calculated to degrade the whole business of musical examinations, as is already the case in England, into a mere scramble for business in which music certificates will be issued and peddled for a low standard of work such as no Canadian institution has as yet descended to.

The cello recital given by Herr Rudolf Ruth in the Music Hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last proved one of the most thoroughly artistic and enjoyable local events of the season just closing. Herr Ruth played as solo numbers the beautiful Bach Air, an effective transcription of Schubert's Du bist Ruh, Popp's Elfentanz, a transcription of Chopin's Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, and Popp's Tarantelle. The ease with which he surmounted the technical difficulties of the Popp compositions, and the richness of tone, breadth of expression and finished style which were characteristic features of his playing in all the numbers mentioned, have never been surpassed by him in previous appearances in this city. Two movements of Rubinstein's splendid sonata for cello and piano, in which Herr Ruth had the assistance of the accomplished pianist, Miss Ada E. S. Hart, was perhaps the *pièce de resistance* of the evening, the majestic harmonies and passionate themes of this remarkable composition being most effectively brought out by the performers in a fine example of ensemble playing. Miss Hart, in her piano solos, which were given with her usual technical ease and in the artistic style which has made her popular, added much to the enjoyment of the event. Mrs. Maclean of Hamilton, who rendered several vocal selections admirably, was in excellent voice and was given a most hearty reception by the large and critical audience present. A capital reading by Mr. H. N. Shaw, the gifted principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, was much appreciated and loudly applauded.

M. Guilmet has, since his return to his home after his recent American visit, been expressing his opinions to French interviewers regarding impressions formed on this side of the Atlantic. With the greatest satisfaction he discovered the beat of the organ heart in America to be directed toward France instead of inevitably toward Germany, as in former days. While the most just of men and musicians, and while loving and admiring the German school of music, as all artists must, he feels what is doubtless true, that in organ art France is the leader. An exchange remarks that M. Guilmet ought to feel much prouder of this change in musical sentiment with Americans than he is, being the most modest of men. For it must be seen by all that he, with his incomparable conscience, his genius as composer and professor, and his wide activity, has been the main influence to bring this condition about. The American organs, while capable and efficient instruments and astonishing in modern mechanism, he considered lacking in point of grandeur. Even when sonority and tone are beautiful, he was generally struck by this lack of the grandiose, the sublime, the majestic in general effect. The activity, the energy and initiative, the liberality of view, the immense toleration, appreciation and unselfish reasonings which so forcibly strike a European in America, are guarantees of wonderful future. Their immense will power and force are capable of curing all faults and changing all deleterious conditions.

"The House of Commons," says the

London, Eng., correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier*, "only boasts one member who has gained the title of Mus. Bac. by examination; but he is so far loyal to his favorite art that he is likely to render important service to musicians. Mr. Sidebotham, member for Hyde, has promised to take charge of a bill prohibiting the sale of foreign in absentia musical degrees in this country. He will be supported by the Union of Graduates in Music; and as this association now numbers nearly all musical graduates among its members, it must represent the true feeling of musicians on this important question. If the bill is not yet formulated it might be made to include also a prohibition of the sale of bogus diplomas, whether English or foreign, and degrees awarded by various trading institutions and musical academies merely on payment of certain fees which go into the pockets of the promoters. One would think that enough had been said on this subject to put people on their guard and to discount the holders of such degrees; but if a bill is to be brought in, it may as well be as complete as possible, so as to leave no loophole for the fraudulent or pitfall for the unwary."

The term of the contract between the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Emil Paur, the conductor, ceased by limitation on May 1. Mr. Paur's services ending with the last concert of the season, on Saturday night. Under its provisions, Mr. Paur received \$10,000 as forfeit, this having been provided in the contract to take the place of the pension which Mr. Paur relinquished when he retired from a fixed position in Germany to assume the directorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he has trained to the highest point of efficiency yet attained in orchestral virtuosity in this country. Mr. Gericke, who was the predecessor of Mr. Nikisch, will succeed Mr. Paur, and the latter has several flattering propositions in New York. The people interested in the New York Permanent Orchestra are now in direct communication with Hans Richter, the eminent Vienna conductor, and there are rumors that Mr. Paur will be engaged by the New York Philharmonic.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has completed arrangements for conducting a special summer normal session in music and elocution. This will be a matter of much interest to teachers and students of music who, because of their engagements and other circumstances, are unable to avail themselves of a course of study in the regular school year. This special session will be of a comprehensive character, and will enable students who avail themselves of the advantages of the summer term to enlarge their qualifications and become familiar with the system of training employed in this progressive and successful musical institution. The course of study, covering four weeks, embraces lectures and practical class-work in piano, voice, organ, theory, sight-singing and choral work, elocution, oratory and dramatic work, under the direction of teachers who are specialists in their various departments of work and study.

The violin recital given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week by pupils of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson attracted a large and critical audience. The programme introduced the following performers: Misses L. Fulton, E. Falconbridge, E. Stonier, C. Nairn, B. Lazier, M. Waste, D. Thompson, and Adamson. Haydn's string quartette, op. 76, Alard's Le Retour for double quartette, and solos from the works of Dancie, Thome, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Musin and Sarasate made up a most attractive programme. Vocal selections by Miss Carrie Davidson and Mr. E. A. Coulthard, pupils of Mr. Tandy, and a piano selection by Miss Mabel O'Brien, one of Mr. Fisher's most talented pupils, lent much interest to an event, the success of which reflected most creditably upon Mrs. Adamson and all taking part in the programme.

A very effective performance of Gaul's most successful work, The Holy City, was given in Peterboro' on Thursday evening of last week by the augmented choir of St. John's church, under the direction of Mr. Percy Owens, organist and choir-master of the church. Peterboro' papers speak in enthusiastic terms of praise of the excellence of the performance, both as regards the chorus work and the singing of the soloists. Mr. Owens was presented with a beautiful baton at the close of the concert as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by those with whom he was associated in the preparation of the fine cantata rendered on this occasion.

The organ recital given in All Saints' church on Saturday last by Mr. W. E. Fairclough proved to be an unusually interesting event. Mr. Fairclough was at his best, and the programme presented, which embraced representative compositions of the German, French and English schools of organ music, was rendered in a manner worthy of Mr. Fairclough's reputation as an organist of eminent ability and honesty of purpose. Miss Mary H. Smart, the well known soprano, sang Granier's Hosanna in expressive style, her excellent voice and musical intelligence being thoroughly in evidence in a most effective rendering of this popular song.

Herr Dr. Oscar Paul, for many years professor of music at the Leipzig Univer-

sity, and member of the staff of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, and musical editor of the Leipzig *Tageblatt*, died there recently quite suddenly at the age of sixty-two. Among his very many pupils who will mourn his loss there are quite a number of Canadians, by whom Professor Dr. Paul was much respected because of his universal kindness and amiability, as well as the personal interest he always took in the welfare of his pupils.

Six hundred members, past and present, of the Apollo Club of Chicago, an organization which has no rival in America, have been invited to join in the farewell performance to be given May 17 to their conductor, William L. Tomlins. The leader, who has done so much for so many, will take formal farewell from the public as a conductor of this great choral body, and will for the last time in Chicago conduct the organization of which he has been the director for twenty-five years.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., has been appointed organist and choir-master of Old St. Andrew's church, Jarvis street, the position having



MLLE. FLORENCE TORONTO.

until recently been filled jointly and with much acceptance by Mr. G. Grant as choir-master and Miss Ida L. Jane as organist. Mr. Anger's appointment is due to a desire of the church authorities to combine the two positions of choir-master and organist in one person.

Mr. Paul Hahn's concert on Monday next at Guild Hall will no doubt be a success. He will be assisted by Mrs. Charles Saunders, soprano; Miss Heloise Keating, harpiste; Miss Birnie and Miss Mary Mara, pianistes, and Miss Shippe, accompanist; Signor P. Delasco, bass, and Mr. R. Drummond, tenor. It is but fair to presume that a most eventful and enjoyable evening will be the natural result of Mr. Hahn's effort to please his many patrons and friends.

Mr. Arthur Hewitt, the efficient organist and choir-master of Eskine Presbyterian church, has been offered and has accepted the important post of director of the music at Chalmers' Presbyterian church. Mr. Hewitt takes charge at his new appointment on June 1. The church is now equipped with a fine Karn-Warren electric organ, which will be opened by a public recital on Thursday evening, June 2.

A concert will be given in Central Methodist church, under Mr. T. C. Jeffers' direction, on Thursday evening next. The excellent choir of the church will be heard in a number of choruses, and assistance will be rendered by Mr. Frank Welsman, the popular pianist, and Miss Almeta Pease of Brandon, Manitoba, elocutionist. A silver collection will be taken at the door.

The Carl Zernah testimonial performance of Mendelssohn's Elijah, which is to be given in Boston, promises to be a mammoth affair. The honor thus to be conveyed in this great performance to Mr. Zernah has been well deserved. He has done a grand work well and nobly, has done it quietly and without bluster, and has earned the respect of public and profession alike.

A unique composition for eight pianos, sixteen performers, is to be produced at a recital to be given at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next by pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. This work, Caprice Concertante, by Coenen, contains sixteen distinct parts and is in every way a most interesting composition.

Mrs. Stone of Toronto, who sang with marked success at the concert given in Liverpool recently, notice of which, taken from the *Liverpool Chronicle*, appeared in this column a short time ago, has during the past year been a pupil of Mrs. Bradley at the Conservatory of Music.

Choirmasters are recommended to examine, in the current issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Reginald de Koven's fine setting of Rudyard Kipling's magnificent Recessional Hymn which created so profound an impression during the festivities of Her Majesty's Jubilee year.

Mr. W. Flaville Prizer of the Church of the Redeemer choir has been engaged as solo basso by the College street Presbyterian church.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, claims to be the legitimate King of Spain by the title of Charles the Seventh. His father, Don Juan, was the brother of Charles the Sixth. His mother was the Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria. He married Margaret de Bourbon, Princess of Parma, in 1867. She is the daughter of Duke Ferdinand Charles the Third and sister of the

late Comte de Chambord. The Carlisle cause is full of vitality, although there has been no outbreak since the death of Alfonso the Twelfth.

The Alaska Boundary.

In the Imperial House of Commons recently, in reply to Mr. James Roche, Mr. Chamberlain said: "The question of referring the matter of the Alaska boundary to arbitration is under the consideration of the Government of the United States and her Majesty's Government. I may add that there is good reason to believe that an agreement will shortly be concluded for a *modus vivendi* at the passes on the routes to the mining districts, pending a final adjustment of the boundary line."

Mlle. Toronto.

MLLE. FLORENCE TORONTO, whose first concert in her native city takes place on Tuesday evening next, is an example of the success that has come to a young singer of great talent, who has worked hard and faithfully under the best teachers for nearly four years, and who therefore when appearing before the public was fully prepared, and immediately assumed a leading position in the Damrosch Opera Company, where she appeared with such prima donnas as Madame Melba, Madame Nordica and Madame Gaski. Over four years ago Miss Toronto went abroad and entered the school of the famous Parisian teacher, Madame Marchesi, who numbers among her pupils the great Melba, and nearly all the other leading prima donnas of the French school now before the public. Madame Marchesi was immediately attracted to the talents of the young Canadian, and she was fortunate in securing special instruction and receiving from her teacher more interested tuition than almost any of the other pupils that she had since Melba. This great French woman pre-

dicted for Miss Toronto an unequalled success when she left her last year to accept an engagement offered by Walter Damrosch in his opera company. How excellent a prophet Madame Marchesi may be seen from the name and fame that Miss Toronto has won in the United States this year with the Damrosch Opera Company in all the principal cities, in each making an instantaneous success. Seldom has a young artist been so highly praised by the captious American critics. Her concert at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening next promises to attract one of the largest audiences ever held in that hall, and is not only a musical event of rare promise, but is the first public demonstration in the nature of a reception accorded to Miss Toronto since she has taken the name of her native city and worn it with such honor and distinction. At this concert Miss Toronto will be assisted by Mr. William Lavin, tenor, Mr. Bispham, baritone, and Mr. Isadore Luckstone, pianist.

"Newton discovered the law of gravitation by noticing an apple fall from a tree, didn't he?" "Yes. If he hadn't been so previous somebody might have discovered it by seeing a beginner fall from his bicycle."—Chicago News.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 6, 1880

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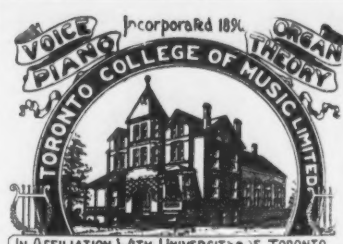
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dence—1 Pembroke Street.

Social and Personal.

Dr. C. E. Pearson left on Tuesday for Buffalo, Albany and New York. He will attend the convention of the Dental Association in Albany and then spend ten days in New York.

On next Tuesday evening the Corinthian Lodge, Peterboro', commemorate the semi-centennial of their Lodge with an At Home which is to be managed by Albert Williams, who has been given carte blanche for the arrangements. An orchestra goes down from Toronto for the dance.

En pension at 123 College street are Mrs. and Miss MacCallum of Cobourg.

Mrs. Frank Kingsmill Morgan of Hamilton came down on Wednesday for the Horse Show, and remained during the week with Miss Kingsmill, Grange avenue.

Messrs. Ed. Clouston and George Hooper, Mr. George Christie Gibbons and Miss Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Anna B. Mills, Mr. Ed. Seagram, Mrs. Crerar and Miss McGivern and Miss Dunlop were among the Canadians from the West who visited the Horse Show last week.

Mrs. and Miss Coates are spending a week in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Denison returned from their wedding trip around the world on Friday and are at Heydon Villa pending their selection of a residence in the West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuch are comfortably settled in their beautiful new home, next door to Commodore Boswell's in Spadina road, where the old hospitable welcome to friends still rules.

Mrs. Angus Kirkland, in a very handsome black and white costume, was one of Mrs. Riddell's box party on Saturday evening.

Upper Canada College annual athletic meeting was held yesterday at the college at half-past two o'clock.

Miss Adelaide Wadsworth has returned from a three months' visit across the line.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn will summer on Center Island. Mr. Cronyn returned home this week.

Over two hundred invitations have been sent out for Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club's annual opening to be held to-day on their grounds, and everything promises a pleasant affair. A match with T.A.C. has been arranged, and this will add interest to the occasion and open the tennis season in Toronto.

A very large audience gathered in West Association Hall on Tuesday evening of last week at Mr. Fred Perrin's concert. Nearly everybody in the West End was present and gave the young comedian a rousing reception.

"Fairest of all, where all were fair," is the way an admirer of beauties at the Show described Miss Muntzinger, that charming girl who is everywhere so popular.

Mrs. Houston of Niagara Falls is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cox, Gerrard street. Miss Armitage of Fergus is visiting Mrs. E. Hay of Elm avenue, Rosedale.

On Wednesday Mrs. Riddell of St. George street went to Cobourg for a short visit.

Mrs. Thomas Alison of College street has left for a few weeks at Preston springs.

Dr. R. Gordon McLean is in Albany this week attending the New York Dental Convention.

Mr. Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Brimmon, and Mr. Graff are at the Arlington. I hear of a sumptuous gown in progress for the Toronto debut of the charming young singer, whose success has not in the least

disturbed her modest and girlish manner. Miss Brimmon has the blessing of a level head and a warm heart, and an unaffected pleasure in the approbation of her friends that is very provocative of their best appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keens left New York last Saturday on the Lucania for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner of 72 West Lodge avenue have returned home after a four months' pleasant visit to the South, where they intend going again next fall.

One of the festivities attendant upon the Military Tournament was a dinner given by Mrs. Matthews of St. George street to a large party of young people for the visiting cadets. Needless to say the dinner was most elegant and the young people enjoyed it to perfection.

Mrs. Crossen did not arrive in town until Monday on a visit to Mrs. Riddell. On Saturday Mrs. Riddell entertained a few friends for dinner and afterwards attended the Show in a lovely gown of white brocade satin in pale blue design, and blue velvet bodice. The gowns worn by this pretty woman were universally admired.

Mr. and Mrs. George of Maple avenue, Rosedale, will entertain at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. Cox and others gave dinners during the Horse Show.

Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth of London (nee Gamble) is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble.

Is it true that one cannot be presented to Her Majesty if one's husband's people are in trade? enquires a lady. I will enquire.

Mr. James Burnham is the latest addition to the gallant officers at Stanley Barracks.

Mrs. Young was a handsome attendant at the Horse Show, and looked very well in black and yellow, having a seat with Mrs. Forester and others in a prominent box.

Mrs. MacLaughlin of Bowmanville, wife of the county registrar, has been the guest of Mrs. Thom of Rosedale for the past week.

During the past week the law students have been hard at work writing on the spring exams. No gaiety has been indulged in; sober, judge-like faces have been worn, but on and after Wednesday night I hear of several joyful parties.

Mr. McDowell Thompson has enlisted into the corps of grass-widowers, his better-half being on a visit to her parents in Ottawa. The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock return shortly to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty have been for quite a long visit in Gotham and returned home some days ago.

The patrons of Mr. Paul Hahn's 'cello recital at Guild Hall on May 10 are: Sir Oliver Mowat and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Mrs. Nordheimer, Senator Cox, Colonel Cosby, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Sears, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Holmstead, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. McNaught, Mrs. McMurrich.

Mrs. Charles Archibald, sister of Rev. Louis Jordan, is again in Toronto, after a long visit in the United States, and has taken apartments at the Arlington.

Registered at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespie, Mrs. J. D. Ridout, Mrs. Swaby, Mr. W. M. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Miss



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AUSPICES OF QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES

OTHER DATES—Brantford, May 27; Hamilton, May 28; Galt and Guelph, June 1; Chatham and St. Thomas, June 2; Woodstock and London, June 3.

Capon, Mrs. Thomas Alison, Dr. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson Pearcey, Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan, Mr. E. H. Heward, Rev. Louis and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, all of Toronto.

Miss Mary Morrison of Remelin, Winchester street, has gone on a visit of six or eight weeks to Chicago and Iowa.

Mr. Claude L. N. Norrie, who acted so cleverly in several amateur plays a season or two ago, and is now in Milwaukee on the staff of the British American Assurance Co., is fiancé to Miss Frances May Wallis, daughter of the late W. H. Wallis of Milwaukee. This latest all-

ance between the Lion and the Eagle will evoke congratulations from Mr. Norrie's Toronto friends, whose name is Legion.

Dr. C. F. Moore has removed to 91 Bellevue avenue and is comfortably settled in a cosy home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith and Miss

Mae Reid are in Toledo, where la belle Canadienne is harvesting scalps remorselessly, I hear.

Mrs. Lowndsbrough and Miss Lucy McLean Howard are expected home shortly. Miss Turner and Miss Ethel Turner are to pay a visit to the Old Country, for which they set sail to-day.

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Spring Meeting

MAY 21-28

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EMPRESS OF INDIA and G. T. R.

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SINGLE FARE

Also at **SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD** good going May 20th, 21st and 23rd, good to return till May 25. These rates will apply to all points on the

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide sts., Toronto. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that the general annual meeting of the shareholders of the company will be held at 2 p.m., Tuesday, June the 7th, 1898, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the board,
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director
Toronto, 27th April, 1898.

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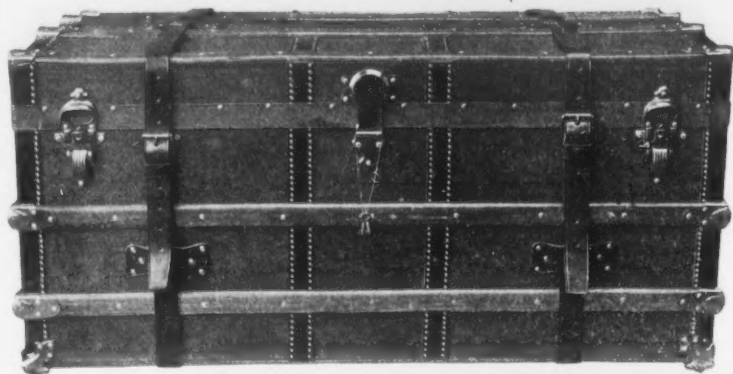
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Greenland Relief Fund.

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Mr. John Catto	5.00
Sir George Burton	5.00
J. W. L. Foster	5.00
Mr. P. Sloane, Bank of Quebec	5.00
M. Elliott, London, Ont.	10.00
Judge Ardagh, Barrie, Ont.	10.00
J. G. Pennycook	10.00
S. N. N.	2.00
W. D.	1.00
E. M. Morrison	1.00
H. S. W.	1.00
T. E. A.	1.00
Wm. Dineen	1.00

Further subscriptions to this truly charitable object of relieving the destitute families of all of those brave fellows who suffered so terribly and perished on the ice on the coast of Newfoundland, are earnestly solicited, and subscribers may feel assured that the fund will be distributed to only the deserving by the treasurer.

J. G. PENNYCOCK, Luxfer Lodge,
 302 Wellington street west, Toronto.

The Eternal Fitness of Things.

This sentence from a most recent sartorial journal will serve to interest gentlemen in what is considered proper in clothing for outdoor sport and pastime. "Once any old thing was considered good enough for golfing and cycling, and for a considerable time after special costumes became popular many people were so enthusiastic in the sports as to ignore the eternal fitness of things and wear their outworn costumes at times when they were as inappropriate and almost as objectionable as exposed shirt sleeves at dinner; but things have changed. Golfing is now so fashionable and cycling a favorite pastime with so many refined people that for each of them there is a large and increasing demand for artistic and suitable costumes. . . . Merchant tailors who have made them a study find the making of them a pleasant and profitable specialty." Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin, is giving special care to just such garments, and is himself finding them a pleasant and profitable specialty." Consult him about golfing and cycling costume styles.

"Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear."



HEN Shakespeare penned these words he had knowledge that the love of beauty was, and would continue to be universal. He knew, too, that the average woman is influenced by the reflection her mirror gives back to her, and in proportion as it pleases her it (unconsciously to herself perhaps) affects her demeanor.



On gazing into the mirror the first point that strikes you is the complexion or color of the skin. Let there be a blotch or pimple, however minute, and it will at once attract your attention and render you uncomfortable by the consciousness of its presence, even though it is unattended with inflammation, irritation, or any other unpleasant feeling.

If you so quickly detect blemishes upon the face, think how the searching eyes of your friends find them out, and should their tongues be inclined toward uncharitableness you will, perhaps, before you are aware of it, find what really is a trifling matter magnified into a "skin disease."

How often you hear such remarks as: "I used to think her good-looking, but her complexion is getting so muddy that she looks plain and old;" or, "Her features are not beautiful, but she has such a perfect complexion that you couldn't help noticing her;" or again, "She'd be a beauty if she only had a better skin."

DR. A. W. CHASE, one of the foremost medical practitioners of America in his day, has given to the world the means whereby everybody who will may have a clear, healthy, attractive complexion. He spent years of his life carefully studying the skin under every possible condition, and by practical experiment found out the effect of every known substance upon it, producing, as a result, an Ointment that has become known the world over as **DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT**. This Ointment is composed of ingredients that feed and nourish the tissues of the skin, and are particularly soothing and healing in their effects. By promoting healthy action of the skin it eradicates disease and beautifies the complexion. It has cured thousands of obstinate cases of **Salt Rheum, Eczema, Hives and Scrofula**, that had refused to yield to internal medicines, leaving the skin in every case healthy, smooth and clear.

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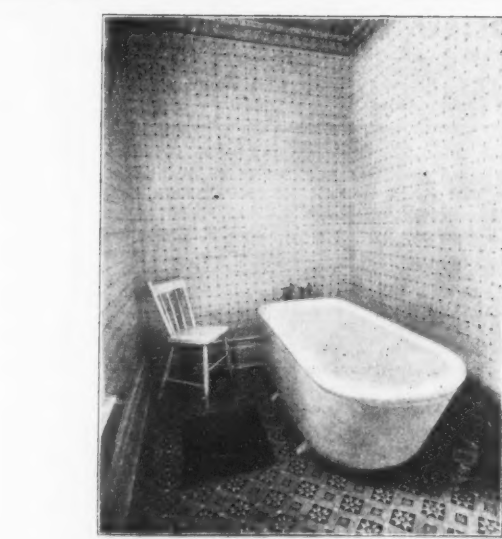
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